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WEEK ENDING JULY 19 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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The Roof Hoppers
by George Kibbe Turner

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JULY 19, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1 No. 11

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

The philosopher and statesman who framed the Declaration of Independence placed in the forefront the assertion that among the inalienable rights of men are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." He did not say the pursuit of wealth, of power, of success, or even of virtue. He said the pursuit of happiness. He believed that happiness is one of the chief objects of life, and he declared that its pursuit was a right which could not be rightfully taken from any one.

Some well meaning people seem to overlook this in their zeal for making the world a better place. That is why we find reformers often bitterly attacking an innocent activity because it does not fit into the particular scheme of virtuous living which they would have us all follow. They point out that this activity is subject to abuse and that certain individuals are injured or may be injured by it. They fail to consider what it contributes to the happiness of others.

Nature does not seem to agree with them in this. A physician who has cured many people says: "Joyful emotions invigorate, and sorrowful emotions depress; pleasurable emotions stimulate, and painful emotions burden; satisfying emotions revitalize, and unsatisfying emotions sap the strength. In other words, our bodies are made for courage, confidence and cheer. Painful emotions make us fall to pieces, while pleasant emotions bind us together."

We do not say pleasure is a synonym of happiness, nor the pursuit of pleasure the equivalent of the pursuit of happiness. The pursuit of mere pleasure may destroy happiness and the capacity for happiness. Yet pleasure is a part of happiness and essential to it. It is a proper object of pursuit in itself, a health giving, strengthening thing, morally, mentally, and physically, and no activity or experience which gives true pleasure is without worth. It may be a view from the continental divide or the sight of a spray of wild aster by some woodland path, the music of a great orchestra or of a hand organ playing an old melody in a city street, the tragedy of King Lear or a good detective story, a spin in your car or Babe Ruth hitting a homer, a cathedral or a waffle, a sail, a swim, a poem, a game of cards. Rare pleasures or homely ones, they are all good for us.

It is true what gives pleasure to me may not to you, but we ought to respect one another's right to pursue pleasure and happiness according each to his own needs and nature, for, as Jefferson declares, it is our inalienable right.

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Cover Design by Earl Christy

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

ELSIE JANIS, the witty and beautiful star of the stage, contributes a sparkling article on the topic that *will* bob up wherever two or more get together these days, particularly if the two or more are women. *Bobbed Heads and Boneheads* is the title Miss Janis has given her article, and it's guaranteed to give you much to meditate upon.

A remarkable pen portrait of President Coolidge's father, *Colonel John Calvin Coolidge*, has been drawn by Walter Davenport, who visited Colonel Coolidge at his home in Plymouth Notch, Vermont. It is a warm, appealing picture that Mr. Davenport presents, and he calls his article, simply, *John Calvin Coolidge; His Specialty Is Listenin'*.

ELSIE JANIS

If you like love stories—and who does not?—you'll be fascinated and amused alike by *Diana of the Milk Bottle*, a story that deals summarily with one who scoffed at the theory of love at first sight. It's by Charles Divine, and it tells all about the funniest love-making episode you ever have had the good fortune to read.

Of course you'll read the first installment of *The Roof Hoppers*, the new serial by George Kibbe Turner, which starts this week—and then undoubtedly you'll wait impatiently for the second installment. It won't disappoint you. It's a thriller!

Your week just won't be right unless you enjoy all the treats offered in the next issue of *Liberty*.

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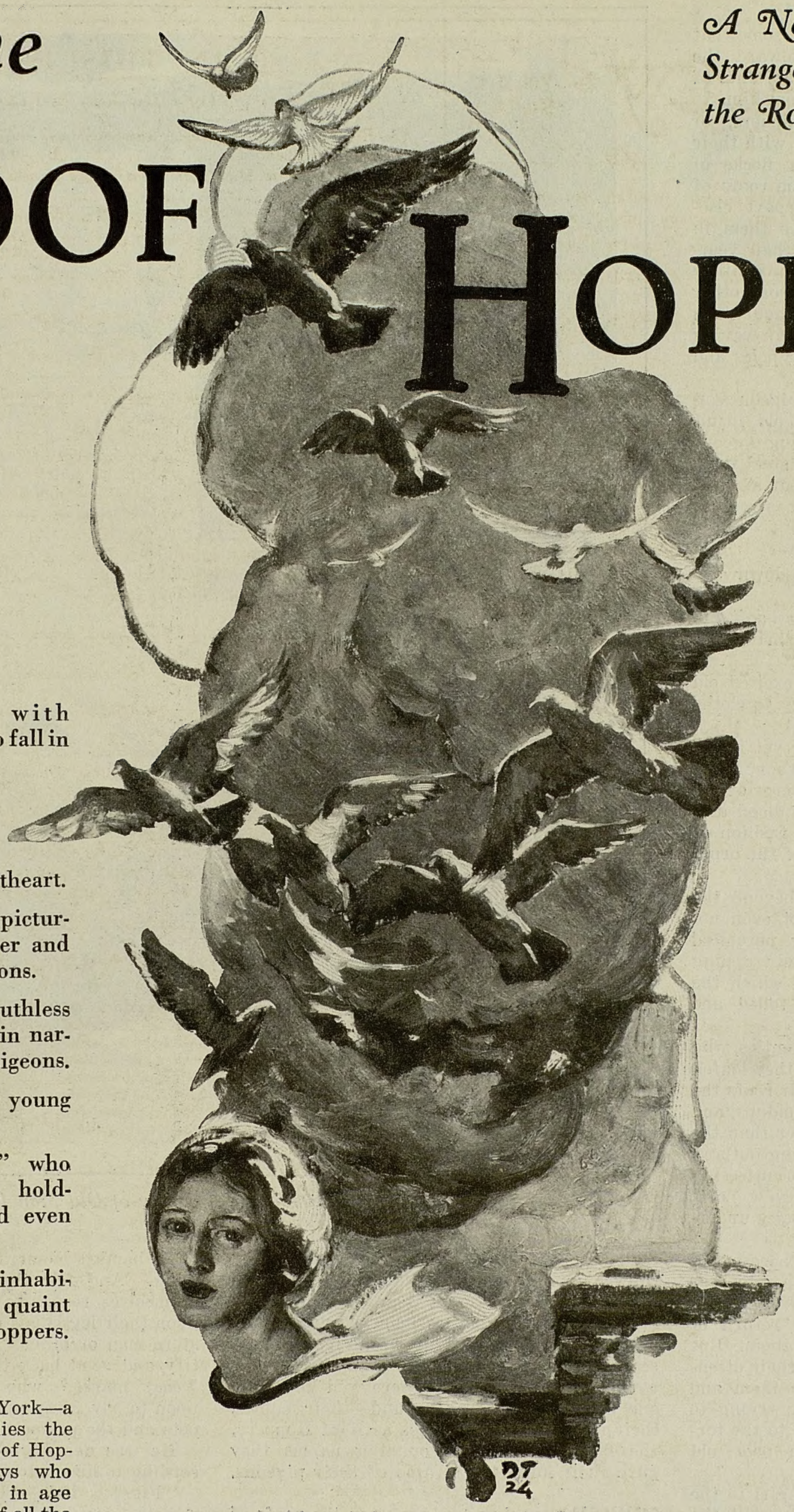
The ROOF HOPPERS

A New Serial Novel in a Strange Dramatic Setting on the Roof Tops of New York



The flocks of Flights—a decoy pigeon bred on the roofs of New York—wheeled about in the sky, the last daylight silver on their veering wings.

INTRODUCING—

Angelique Lefavour, with whom you're sure to fall in love.

Matt Bangor, the sturdy, two-fisted young rigger who is Angelique's sweetheart.

Raoul Lefavour, the picturesque old lace maker and fancier of fine pigeons.

Joe the Petman, a ruthless plotter, who traffics in narcotics and in stolen pigeons.

Flip Lonergan, the young outlaw.

The "Dog Catchers," who specialize in theft, hold-ups, blackmail, and even murder for hire.

And all the other inhabitants of the queer, quaint Land of the Roof Hoppers.

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Author of White Shoulders, Hagar's Hoard, The Autobiography of a Million Dollars, Etc., Etc.

Pictures by
DONALD TEAGUE

ON the top of New York—a land by itself—lies the Country of the Roof Hoppers, so called—the boys who never grow up, ranging in age from seven to seventy. Of all the millions who live and die a few score of feet beneath, not one in a thousand even dreams that it exists. Yet for miles it stretches out above them—a scattered settlement of roof dwellers above the greatest city in the world; a peculiar folk who are held together by one common fascination they do not outgrow.

They have their own plains and hills and skyline; their own news, their own talk, their own codes and crimes, and bitter murders and perennial feuds, all centering about one thing—the tricks of raising racing and decoying pigeons, which first brought this odd population here, and, having done so, split it into two always warring parts.

In the early evening, when the members of one faction are coming up to watch their lofts, and those of the other are about going down, the Country of the Roof Hoppers is often very beautiful.

Around them stretches a long, broken tar-and-gravel plain—the roofs of the great tenement district—from which they hear beneath them the sharp cries of playing children, the murmurs of a myriad folk unseen. To the south and east they see rising the huge blue mysteries of the distant bridges; to the south and west, the faint peaks of the dim white range of office buildings which bounds their plain at the lower end of Manhattan Island.

It was on an evening in mid-September—upon a roof in the eastern central part of this long plain—that a young girl, dressed entirely in white, sat beside a big-boned, brown-faced young man in black, upon a crude bench built against the bulkhead or stair entrance from the floors below.

Before them stood a plump, short, elderly man with a round, rosy face and a fierce white military mustache and imperial which looked almost unreal—a false ornament on the smooth features of a child. Bristling with rage, he was hurling insults at his enemies in that feud that never dies in the Country of the Roof Hoppers—the never-ending warfare between the pigeon racers and the Dog Catchers, so called.

"Thieves! Soiled souls of dirty hell! Dog

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Catchers!" the old man called in a somewhat foreign voice, shaking his fist toward the horizon, in the direction of the inhabitants of the other roofs across the street from him.

They were busy, the Dog Catchers, or pigeon decoyers, to whom he called, with their last operations of the day. Their flocks of Flights—a decoy pigeon bred on the roofs of New York with no exact counterpart elsewhere in the world—wheeled above them in the sky, the last daylight silver on their veering wings. Aimed to lure and trap the solitary straight-flying birds, the strays from other lofts, they dropped down with or without them when their masters ceased the circular waving of their long white-tasseled chasing poles and rattled the corn in their tin cans.

"Dog Catchers!" cried the old pigeon fancier again, using once more that old insult which the breeders of the costly racing pigeons hurl from their roofs at those who steal them —across to where they stand, so near and yet so safe, upon other roofs beyond a street or gap.

THE girl in white pulled back and downward at his coat tails.

"Hush, father, hush!" she said in a soft and slightly foreign voice. "All this brings no pigeons home."

"Dog Catchers!" raged on the excited old man. "With not one rag of honesty to clothe your foulness."

He was an odd figure, and odder yet in his excitement. Young in the age when Louis Napoleon was still the warlike Emperor of the French, the spirit of his early manhood still dictated—as with most of us—the fashion of his speech and manners, and even of the ornaments upon his face.

The Dog Catchers on the roof beyond the protecting chasm of the street, not even noticing him, calmly pursued their perennial occupation of watching, decoying and trapping pigeons, in the ancient fashion by which the old man believed they had just tolled and taken his.

Hulking boys and men in their twenties, who long ago should have been at work, they loafed and smoked and concocted upon their roofs the plans for theft and blackmail and holdups, and even hired murder, for which, longer than the memory of any living man, the young outlaws of their kind have served their apprenticeship of pigeon stealing on the roofs of New York, to go down from there to raid the city underneath.

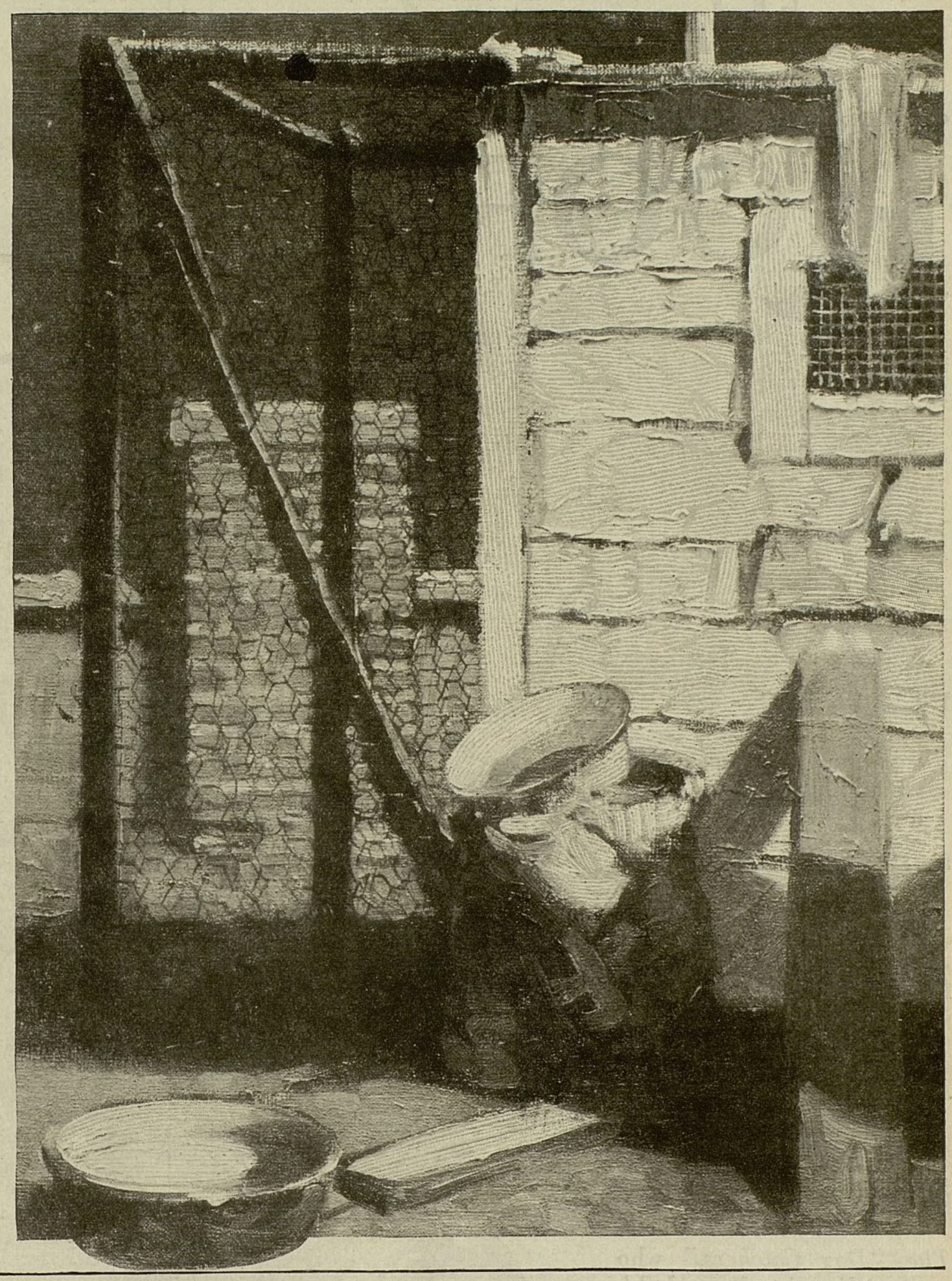
One of the sharp-faced group across the street came finally to his roof edge to jeer across at the old man a question as to the price that he would pay for the return of his birds, calling out that he had them. But the others still kept their eyes and their attention upon the circling flock above them and the strayed ones which they were trying to toll in, with no time to devote now to the torment of this old foreigner—the poor old "easy mark" across the street.

"Father! Please!" pleaded the girl in the white dress again, dropping on the roof the piece of fine lace on which she was working, in her distressed anxiety.

The bronze-faced young man upon the rude board bench beside her leaned forward, picked up her work, and spoke now for the first time.

"Pay no attention to those bums, Pop," he said. "They've got none of your birds. You'll hear from the real thieves tomorrow. Don't worry—whoever's got them will get word to you."

That was true. It was a small place, after all, this settlement of pigeon fanciers and thieves upon the roofs of the great city. Looking across, you could see them and their lofts —like diminutive houses upon a rough plain, one, two, or three, perhaps, to a city block—a scattered population like a village; and, like a village, its inhabitants were well known to one another for miles around—their names, their monikers, their names as Roof Hoppers, the flowery and high-sounding names they gave their lofts, the strains of their pigeons.



The chief enemy of Old Man Lefavour and themselves

THERE were few dwellers upon the roofs of Manhattan who would not know of the loft of racing birds, Angelique, and the girl in white whose name it had; of the strain and value of the Belgian racing pigeons, with which Old Man Lefavour had won so many victories; or of the quick market value of those birds to their decoyers.

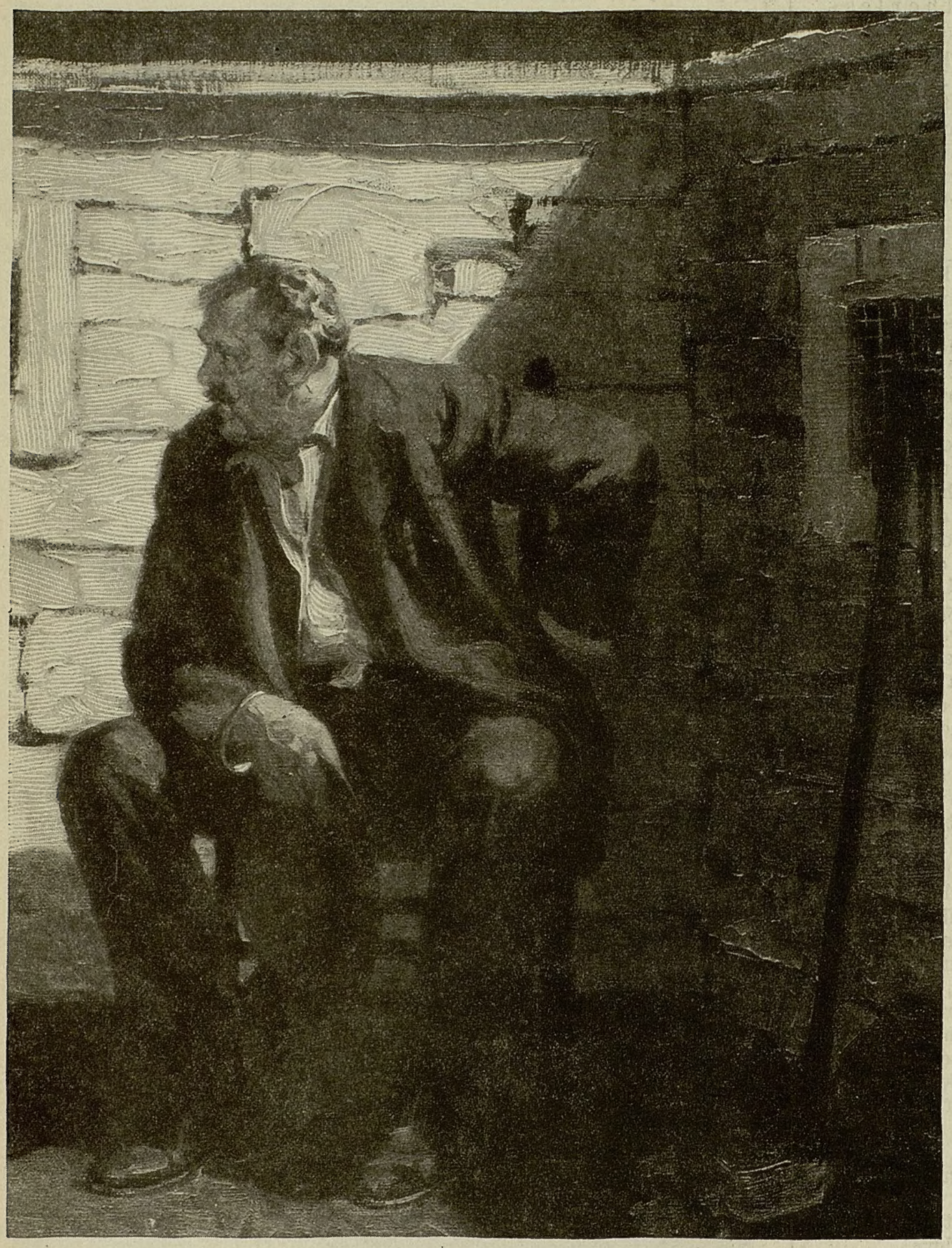
For the Dog Catcher, hunting the sky for the solitary stray, an ordinary bird—a Clinker or even a Flight or Tippler—is a quarter or a half dollar flying. But one of Old Man Lefavour's banded Homers was five dollars on the wing. And few there were who would not themselves recognize the long line of figures upon their leg bands or sell them to some bird store man or other "fence," who would identify and send back the birds to that first of "easy marks," who could always be relied upon to pay fancy prices for the return of his pets and the protection of his strain.

He was denying this now vehemently, according to his custom.

"Pigs! Rats—like your birds!" he shrieked across the street, in a confusion of the epithets of the French of his youth and the jargon of the Roof Hoppers. "You would rob me once again! But never more. Not one time! From this time now I let my birds go. Take them. Keep them. Make what you wish of them!"

The flock of decoy pigeons across from him were down. Several of the young outlaws across the street turned their heads with indifferent insolence in his direction.

Noticing this, the young man on the wooden



sat unseen—but knowing well that they were there.

bench behind the old man spoke up again, trying to divert the attention of the excited old pigeon fancier.

"True for you, Pop," he said. "You've got to lose a few young birds now and then to them. Let them hang on to them."

"Yes. And have new lofts all over that will have my strain!" cried the old man, turning now, mustache and imperial twitching, white hair flying, upon his comforter.

HIS daughter shrank back watching him. As long as she could remember she had seen him in his excitements and rages over his birds. Her first memories were of the roof of this, her father's tenement block; of the long plain of the Country of the Roof Hoppers; of the dreams of Belgium, its pigeons and its bell towers, gathered from the stories which her almost-forgotten mother and then her father had told to her.

She knew by heart the simple life story of Raoul Lefavour. How he had come to this strange city of New York from his beloved land; founded here the small Belgian industry in the tenement district—the making and mending of fine laces; of his prosperity, the purchases of the tenement block in which they had lived in the old conservative center of New York tenements; and his prompt establishment upon its roof of his loft of Belgian homing pigeons, of the best and finest strain in New York—the loft which he had given the name of her dead mother and herself.

For Raoul Lefavour was now a prosperous and even celebrated man in his sphere—known throughout his street as a landlord, the one financial figure that counts; and across the wide Country of the Roof Hoppers above as the owner of the strongest, finest homing pigeons in New York—the constant winners of the many pigeon races—the Derbies and Futurities of the air which, unknown to the dwellers on the ground, fill the souls of the Roof Hoppers with fierce excitement from spring until fall. So the name of his loft and of his daughter was known to the extreme borders of the Country of the Roof Hoppers—across the whole skyline of New York.

The girl in white, though disturbed as always at her father's bitter wrangling with his persecutors, was silent still, knowing it would be useless yet for her to interfere.

"And still more," the old man was saying to the young one with undiminished heat. "And worse. These last are not young birds, but old ones, that they steal."

The young man with the lean face raised his deepset blue eyes.

"Is that right?" he asked, surprise in his dry, deliberate voice.

"It is, it is! And how then is it done? And by whom? Tell me!" the old man demanded excitedly.

"You tell me," said the cool voiced young man.

"But we will know this," the older one continued. "We will know who it will be, without doubt, that will be back of this. That pig. That blue-damned dog. You know for how much he can sell my birds to other lofts, grown envious of my strain, if I myself will not care to buy them back in my own protection."

THE girl in white moved uneasily now. His mind was going back, she saw, to fix itself once more upon his chief enemy—that Joe the Petman—stirred by that one never-ending cause of private war in the Country of the Roof Hoppers, the theft of birds.

"It might be, at that," said the brief spoken younger man, Matt Bangor, watching him.

The spark of the great main hatred behind the eternal feud which for half a century had led to violence and injury and murder on the roofs of New York sprang into quick flame in the eccentric temper of the old man as he recalled his many injuries from his chief enemy among the Dog Catchers.

"Tell him," he called out suddenly to the group on the roof across the street—"you slaves! You thieves! Tell your owner—the big crook that owns you—tell your dirty, foul boss no more to come to me with the birds he causes you to steal from me! That no more will I tamely lie still beneath his vile blackmail!"

The day was well past; the chance of strays grown small; the weary decoy pigeons on the roof across the street at last settled down for the night. And the loafing Dog Catchers, with nothing now to occupy their minds, advanced toward the edge of their roof to accord themselves a mild amusement by stirring further the excitement of the old man.

Jeers came across the street, single witticisms, a dirty-minded chant built about the old man's name. The girl in white gripped nervously at the arm of the man beside her—unable to restrain her father. His rage constantly increased—and the amusement of the Dog Catchers.

But now the figure of the young man rose from the shelter of the bulkhead and walked over toward the coping of the roof. The cries of the five or six young outlaws across the street died down as they saw him.

"One more crack like that," his resonant voice assured them, "and there'll be five empty beds filled up in Bellevue."

One voice only answered from the five.

"And just one more from you, Flip Lonergan, and you're dogmeat tomorrow."

The tone of the old and ugly hostility against the rough Roof Hoppers was in the speaker's voice. He was calling out to his own enemies as well as the old man's, voicing the old natural hatred between the pigeon owner and

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the decoyer—the honest man and the thief.

There was no answer at all now—not even Flip Lonergan's levity being proof against the thought of a possible mixup with Matt Bangor, the husky two-fisted rigger. The group withdrew from the edge of the roof across the street, and the old man permitted himself to be coaxed back and seated again upon the rough bench beside the bulkhead—though still muttering maledictions against his deadly enemy, the conspirator against his loft and strain of birds—that Italian, Joe the Petman.

"You heard the latest they're saying about him now?" asked Bangor, again diverting the old pigeon-flyer's mind.

"What then—that can be worse than what I know?" asked the old man, responding with a quick, childish animosity.

"They say he's got a new one now! He's bringing in the dope by pigeons—from out somewhere in New Jersey," Matt Bangor said, repeating a rumor which had been current several days now among the Roof Hoppers.

"It is so, I believe it. I know it!" replied the old man promptly.

"How would you know it?" asked the young man, surprised. A pigeon fancier and experienced Roof Hopper himself, he had never run across this use for homing pigeons before—and said so.

"How do I know it?" the old man answered him—his excited manner in sharp contrast with the unmovable nonchalance of the younger. "How do I know? Do I not see it—often, continually—before the coming of the evening dark? Do I not see his birds—the biggest and strongest of his cock birds come tired home each evening about now? Wait. Look. And you yourself will see."

They waited, straining their eyes. It was darkening fast. The glint of white was fading from the towers of the skyscrapers to the south; the delicate pale blue of twilight from the East River at their back. The silver wings of the flocks of Flights no longer veered and gleamed against the last western daylight. Evening was coming fast across the Country of the Roof Hoppers. The chasing poles of the Dog Catchers were laid aside, and the troubled decoys all settled down for another night.

THEY waited—the girl in white sitting between the two men—watching west for the dark outlines of any solitary homing bird against the afterlight. They saw none. They spoke and waited longer—and with no more success.

"They come not tonight—his tired-out birds—for some reason that I will not know! Yet night after night have I now seen them come," affirmed Old Lefavour at last, and rose.

"And now, no doubt, you two would wish to be alone," he said a little wistfully—and gazed into the shy and lovely blue eyes of the young girl in white—his Angelique, his *Colombe*, whom he was now, too soon, about to lose.

Emotional, married late, and soon alone again by the death of his young wife, Raoul Lefavour had been left by her this one child—with her eyes, her ways, her name. She was his Angelique, his little white dove, his *petite Colombe blanche*—this last old endearment of his race almost superseding her Christian name—as it would naturally with him. For the two main passions of the old pigeon fancier's life had centered in his child—till now, with the coming on of age, they had become an obsession, almost childish, which had shaped the young girl's life most strangely.

Reared quite largely upon the roof, to escape the dangers and sordid contacts of the tenement street, the motherless daughter of the old pigeon fancier had spent a great share of her childhood and youth around the loft which bore her own name and her mother's—and had made it generally known across the countryside of the Roof Hoppers.

Dressed nearly always in white by the sentimental fancy of her father; tending her pigeons on the top of his isolated tenement block, two stories above the blocks on either side; in a setting where few women's forms are seen, she had for a decade been a figure watched and talked and dreamed about by the varied population of the roofs for miles around — and kept, meanwhile, as remote and intangible as the white maiden in a tower in an old romance. Old Man Lefavour's girl in white, whom that poor old foreign "nut" called his dove!

All the sentimentality of his youth—the ornamental sentiment of the '60s and '70s, had centered for the old Belgian in his daughter—the child that he had raised himself, in the absence of a mother—striving by his own odd expedient to keep her pure and unspotted from the influences of the tenement street, by her isolation among his pets upon his roof. And now with the passing of the years the time had come for the old man to lose her.

"Don't rush. It's all right, Pop," Bangor told him with rough friendliness. "Sit down. She'll sing one of your French songs to you."

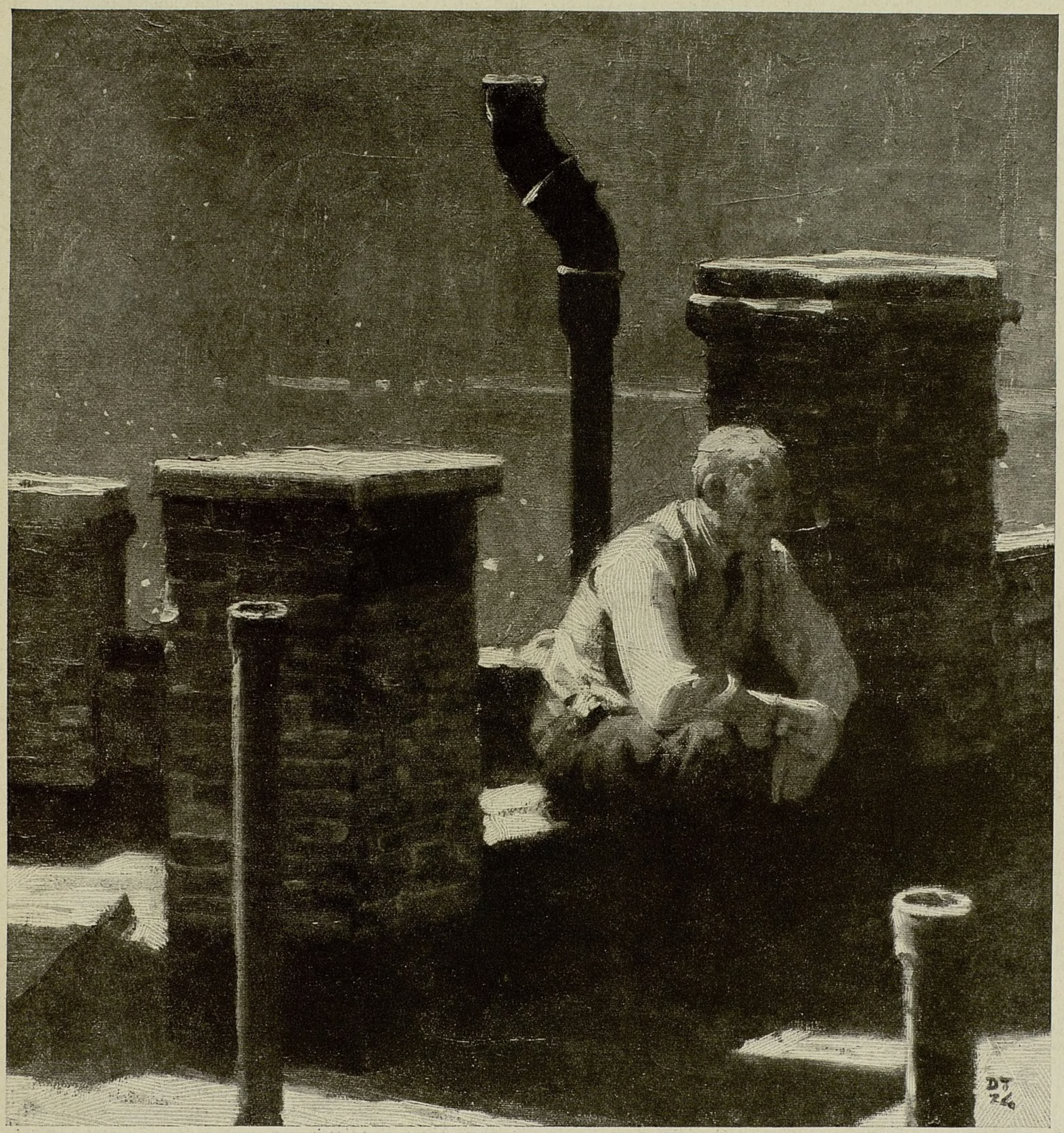
The old man hesitated.

"Sit down," the young man insisted, and when he did so, the girl started singing, in French—that old and favorite song of the old man's, the song her young mother had sung to him long years ago in Belgium—saturated with the artificial sentiment of the Third Empire, when young hearts beat to ballad instead of jazz time, and Louis Napoleon and Eugenie dictated the accepted forms of love and war.

As long as he could remember, Angelique Lefavour could recall it—La Belle Dame aux Colombes—the crude oval print upon its paper cover—that engraving of the loft of the lovely pigeon fancier, who watched to the west the bell towers of Belgium, while she called to her lover that verse which the English translation, printed in italics underneath the French, gave:

Fly to me, Love, like my straight-flying pigeons.
Now high on our belfries gleams the last sun.
Home to me—back to me—straight and unerringly.
Love is awaiting thee. Daylight is done.

The sweet, delicate voice of the singer—the voice of the young girl, lovely for its imperfections, its uncertainties, its shyness, its immaturities—bore out over the country of the unhearing Roof Hoppers the plaintive wistfulness of half-formed dreams. The rough young



The rough young rigger stood beside her, clasping her hands, silent.

rigger stood beside her, clasping her hands, silent, with that exaggerated worship of purity in woman, carried to the point of superstition by men who are themselves constantly in contact with the coarser things of life. The old Belgian nodded and beat time to the old grotesquely sentimental song of his youth.

At its end he rose again and bent down to kiss his daughter, to say good-night to his *Colombe* in French.

"O, to be young once more! In love! On such a night as this!" he said sentimentally, as he waved his hand dramatically toward the horizon, and walked on. They heard his step go slowly down the stairs.

Night was coming fast across the Country of the Roof Hoppers. The few high towers to the west showed in sharp silhouette against the clear, yellowish green lower sky; to the east a great faint silver moon slid up enormous above the fading blue of the strip of river. And to the south, now very far away, a few faint lights shone in the disappearing mountains of the skyscrapers. And the ghostly bridge showed only by the level stream of yellow lights that slid across the slate blue sky.

"How he hates him!" said the girl to her lover, her mind turning back to her father and his arch-enemy — the organizer of the thefts of his pet pigeons—the exclusive strain of his loft.

"He's got him right, at that," said the rough, decided voice of the man beside her.

"Do you think, then, that he will be doing that—that smuggling in of dope—cocaine?"

"He is, if he's thought of it, and made the right connections," said Matt Bangor—an old pigeon breeder; himself an enemy of thieving bird-shop men in general, and this one in particular. "Some day they're going to find him on the pavement in the morning—run off of somebody's roof. Maybe mine!"

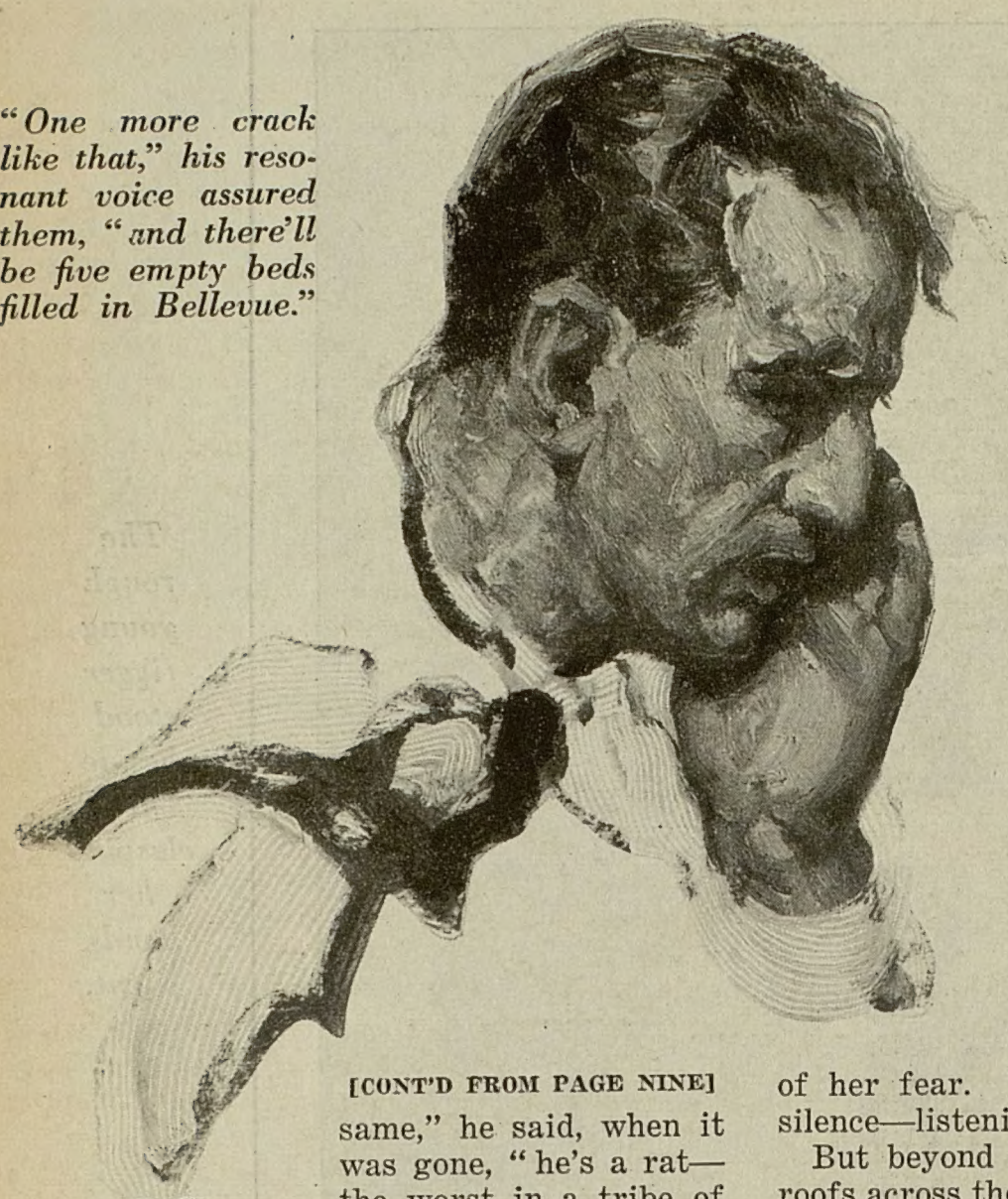
"Hush," said Angelique, with that precise little foreign accent in her voice which she had especially since that year just ended—since she had come back again from her final education in the Belgian convent. "Hush. How foolish. Murder for one bird—one pigeon!"

"There's been more than one man been stepped off five stories for it! From a roof where he didn't belong! You know that!" said Matt Bangor harshly—and stopped, with a white finger against his lips.

"Hush," said Angelique's soft French accent. "Hush. It is bad omen."

"All right," said Matt, kissing the white finger in token of submission. "But just the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"One more crack like that," his resonant voice assured them, "and there'll be five empty beds filled in Bellevue."

[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINE]

same," he said, when it was gone, "he's a rat—the worst in a tribe of rats. He was bad as a boy. You know that."

He felt a light shudder pass through the slight body beside his.

"Let us then recall something else more important," she said, and spoke of other memories they had in common of that country on the roofs—in that now long distant time, their childhood, before Matt had gone overseas to France, in war.

"You remember how you taught me French those days," he told her. "So we could talk together. And call it back and forth across the roofs, with no other kid understanding."

She nodded in reply.

"It certainly came in handy—for me, when I was 'over there,'" said the ex-sergeant, telling her of the way he had used and extended his knowledge of the language in France.

"I am so glad," said Angelique, in her soft, quaint, foreign way.

They went on with their memories of those earlier days.

"And those signals," said Matt, "we had together in those days for calling one another; you remember?"

"And you remember that time when this same Italian Joe came up on this same roof, on the steal as usual, and got fresh with you when you caught him here? And you called to me with one of our calls?"

She nodded, smiling—but with a little shudder again.

"And I came across that short cut—along that sign that used to join us then, over the top of Old Man Scholtz's saloon," said Bangor, looking north to where the lower building lay, separating the roof on which they sat from the one beyond it, where he still had his loft. "You remember that—and what happened then!"

Angelique shuddered slightly again, and pressed closer to the shoulder of the big man, remembering but apprehensive, even now in the arms of her lover—the great arm of the young rigger, hard and powerful from its daily tasks in the air—above both the ground and the roofs of the great city.

"And yet," she said, "I have fear still—for father—for you!"

"Fear!" replied Matt Bangor. "Why?"

"Always I have it—here!" responded Angelique, her white hand upon her whiter throat. "Fear for him—for you—in your work—all day. And tonight especially."

"Why tonight?" questioned the rigger, looking down at her with his deep blue eyes.

"I know not," the girl answered him.

"I guess you don't," he said.

He felt her light shudder against him again.

"You're superstitious," he said. "Like all the women!"

"But yet—tonight—I cannot help!"

"Forget it!" said her lover in a laconic dismissal of her fear. They sat still—in the general silence—listening, looking off.

But beyond them—from the dark mass of roofs across the street, beyond which the flashing of the bright electric signs of distant Broadway went and came, the chief enemy of Old Man Lefavour and themselves sat unseen—but knowing well that they were there still, could see through the dark the white dress of *Colombe* Lefavour as he had on so many evenings of his life before.

FROM the top of his own roof, behind the corner of his loft, Joe the Petman sat alone staring before him through the dark—thinking deeply, after the manner of his kind, of easy money.

Years ago the birdmen and petmen of the great city were principally old Germans; now they and their queer old shops are nearly gone, and the bird and pet stores of New York are principally in charge of Roof Hoppers or ex-Roof Hoppers—like Joe the Petman.

Seated upon the sidewalk, in a cheap wooden chair, tilted back beside his door, the public saw him by day staring into space, waiting for his occasional customers to appear. Dark, thick-set, fat-jowled, curly-headed, wide-toothed—a young ogre, with face wiped clean of all emotion—he sat and waited for the night and the gathering of those from whom he made his real money.

By night the young apprentice pigeon fanciers would be bringing down and storing overnight in shallow crates along his wall the birds which the law and a hostile landlord forbade housing upon the roof.

By night the hardened Dog Catchers—the gang which he controlled—would be down to swap their boasts and lies about the catches of their day, and swear and smoke and quarrel in his back room with the pool table behind his narrow basement store.

It had all been so natural and simple—the growth of Joe the Petman—like most puzzling things in the life of a great city, when you come to know them. From Dog Catcher to bird-store man—who takes and sells again the others' stolen pigeons; from handling stolen pigeons to the handling of the proceeds of tenement and back yard raids by the observant dwellers of the roofs; from the pool table and home made hooch parlor in the basement to larger bootlegging—how almost inevitable all this had been!

And now this further little step upwards to that great and shining prize of graft, which Joe the Petman now sat with moody eyes considering—half crazy, under his emotionless exterior, lest he should lose the one great opportunity of his life.

"I'll be up on the roof. You take care of the joint tonight," he had said to Netta, the practical, hard headed sister with whom he lived—short, thick, still faced, quick motioned—a female edition of himself—a wide-toothed young ogress in petticoats.

IT was the greatest and safest piece of graft that Joe the Petman had ever struck—rich beyond even his dreams of avarice. For up to now his progress had been in petty graft—the pigeon feed of crooked money. And it was as safe as it was rich—leaving him as much or more under cover than the handling of the melted metal of his Roof Hoppers.

The dope, for which there had been such crazy prices, and such demand in this after prohibition time, could be smuggled in from safe sources outside the city—on his own pigeons to his own loft, and handled by no one but himself. It could then be transferred by other birds for sale—not by his own gang which patronized his store—but by another gang, an entirely separate set of Dog Catchers, who had their loft in another part of the city and who sold the dope for him at their own risk—not even receiving it from his hands or his birds, but by their own pigeons.

And now, all at once, when he was just starting in to win big, that greater power—the combination which, in the mysterious workings of the city, controlled the selling of the drug—had got word to him that he must "kick in"—a thousand dollars! Or stop selling now—in twenty-four hours!

A thousand dollars! Why not a million?

Graft in its lower stages, as he had had it, shows small profits. There are so many hands, so much competition—as in all money getting. It is only in the higher grades that the fortunes lie—those sudden gold mines fallen upon by the prospector in the mud of a great city—like this discovery of his—the smuggling in of dope—safely, cheaply, without division, by carrier pigeons.

And now—bang—one thousand dollars! One thousand "dead men" kick in—just as he was getting on his feet.

Joe the Petman, well informed, had no illusions. They were stronger than he—the Dope Syndicate—as combinations in any graft or business naturally are. They went the limit. And if they did not get in with the police, they had their red lists, their croakers, if necessary, for those who disobeyed. For human life was not dear in that world of easy money and quick getaways, where the ex-Roof Hopper lived.

A thousand dollars! Where would he get it?

Joe the Petman groaned and twisted his fat back against the loft again.

And as he groaned his hand struck against the wedge shaped wire and wood pigeon trap, around the corner of the loft, in which three pigeons slept. They moved—scratching, fluttering, afraid. He heard them—and thought of them. They were the three birds which one of the gang—the Dog Catchers who hung out in his bird shop—had gone up the tenement stairway and stolen from Old Man Lefavour's roof itself. Rat Eyed Ricci, a clever fellow.

A thousand dollars! In cash! Before tomorrow midnight!

He heard the frightened pigeons settling

down again in the dark. He stirred them up again. What the hell! What right had anything to rest when he was fixed the way he was! And what good were they now—five dollars apiece—fifteen dollars in all? Thirty, if he doubled his price, as he had been planning lately—on that old boob!

He looked, thinking, across the roofs of his own block, over the street to where the building of the old man stood up above the lower roofs on either side—passing meanwhile through his desperate mind the varied and ingenious tricks for getting easy money—blackmail, extortion, or theft—that are the stock in trade of the leader or manipulator of a gang of crooked Dog Catchers or any other young outlaws in the tenement districts of New York. He tried to fit one after another to Old Man Lefavour.

Soft, sentimental — like all those foreigners — the easiest mark in all the Country of the Roof Hoppers! A landlord, too —well able to go into big figures! If he only kept a stand—had a push-cart—ran a little store! Or a business, whose employés could be beaten up at night going home—if the boss did not come across to the master of the gang—the Dog Catchers! Especially women employés! If there was anything—any one—he could get at besides those few Belgian women the old man took out their work to in their own homes! Besides, that girl of his—that fool old foreigner's White Dove, always kept indoors, or up out of any possible danger from the street, upon the roof!

"A thousand dollars! You've got to get it —that's all—now!" cried Joe the Petman's hungry mind to himself as he stared out across the dark.

It was full night now. The Dog Catchers were all gone from the roofs when he had come up. Looking over to the top of the tower, into which Old Man Lefavour's tenement block was transformed by the moon, he saw a white patch in the moonlight—and knew at once what it was: the dress of the daughter of the old man.

HOW many times he had sat and stared at that figure, so near and so inaccessible across the roofs—his weaving mind filled with dark plans and unholy desires. The slender, girlish figure, the white dress of the old man's chief and most protected treasure—that girl in white —his little "white pigeon."

And suddenly the fat back of Joe the Petman stiffened against the loft side.

Suppose! His desperate mind had told him.

The silence grew. A pigeon crooned and stopped. The distant lights slid yellow on the unseen bridge across the sky. The moon was high and clear. The white dress gone from the roof across the street. Joe the Petman was alone—thinking—breathing hard—in the Country of the Roof Hoppers.

Then finally he heard footsteps upon the stairs and roof that he knew—the steps of his devoted and reliable sister, Netta.

"Look," he said to her. "Where's Matt Bangor working now?"

"I dunno," said the indifferent voice of his sister.

"I heard he was over on the Manhattan bridge."

"That's right. He is. I heard that, too. Why?" asked Netta, hearing Joe the Petman's sudden grunt of satisfaction.

He told the plan to her—the only person on earth whom he could trust to help him out—whose interests were identical with his.

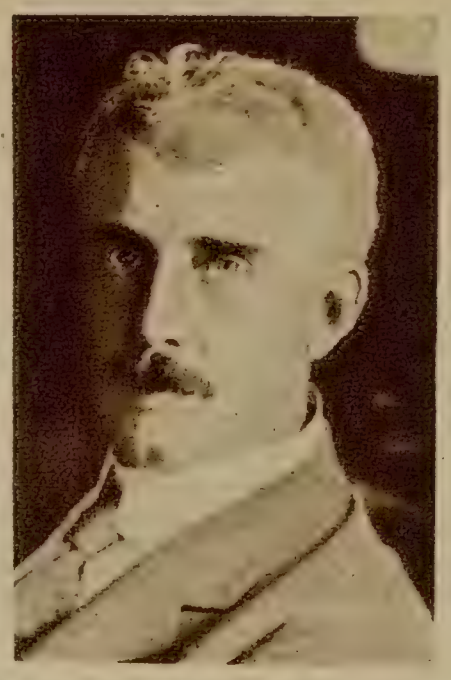
"Shall we frame it? Or shall we let it slip?" he asked her, balancing the chances they would take against what they would get out of it.

"Frame it! Why not? What should we fear?" said his always courageous sister.

Like a spider spinning the web for its hapless victims, Joe the Petman plots his villainy. What is the trap that he is about to spring upon beautiful Angelique and her father? How will he seek to obtain the $1,000 needed to join the "dope" syndicate? Watch for the next installment of this stirring serial.

The Author of

Liberty's New Serial



GEORGE KIBBE TURNER
P. & A. Photo

George Kibbe Turner, the distinguished author of Liberty's latest serial novel, The Roof Hoppers, is 55 years old and lives at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. Born in Quincy, Illinois, on March 23, 1869, the son of Rodolphus K. and Sarah Ella Kibbe Turner, he was graduated from Williams College in 1890 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1891 began his newspaper career. In October, 1892, he married Julia Hawks Patchen of Bennington, Vermont.

Between 1906 and 1907 he was successively a staff writer for McClure's Magazine and its editor.

His first successful novel was The Taskmasters, published in 1902. Then followed Memories of a Doctor, 1913; The Last Christian, 1914; The Autobiography of a Million Dollars, 1918; Red Friday, 1919; Hagar's Hoard, 1920; White Shoulders, 1921; and finally The Roof Hoppers.

Mr. Turner also has contributed numberless short stories, articles, and poems to various magazines. His style is lucid, fluent, and possessed of charm, and his reading public numbers probably in the millions.

On *the* SPUR *of the* Moment

What Leads a Man to Do Things on Impulse? Is It His Subconscious Mind? And What Is the Batting Average of Action by Impulse?

SOMETIME when you haven't anything else to do recount the things you have done on impulse and try to remember what came of them. You may have achieved certain overstuffed successes by obeying impulsive suggestion, but in the majority of cases you will find it was your subconscious mind spurring you to action.

A crisis confronted you. It arose without warning. There was no time for meditation. You leaped—and landed. Later, perhaps, you shuddered to think what a calamity it might have been. How lucky you were. And what a dangerous thing it was to obey that impulse.

Nonsense! If you'll consider well you'll find that even if you are impulsive your average of hits is a fair one. You'll find that what you thought was a blind stab (impulse) was really intuitive action. The subconscious mind worked, whereas more cumbersome reason had no time to get to work.

Pap Raisin never did anything else but act on impulse.

"Keep ca'm, don't git yore feet wet, sleep plenty, drink hearty, eat heavy, and let impulse take its course," was the way Pap looked at it.

Pap was the father of eleven children whom he supported on impulse. That is, he worked at unexpected times. There was never any telling what Pap was likely to do from day to day or even from hour to hour. For example, once, when Sheriff Wilton was about to arrest Pap for nonsupport or something, Pap walked into the Eureka Hardware Store and told Will Jones, the proprietor:

"Will, I'm workin' fer you fer a spell."

"Nobody said anything to me about it," said Will.

"Me neither," replied Pap. "I was jest passin' and my danged impulsive nature overcome me."

After all of the surviving children grew old enough to support themselves, Mrs. Raisin left Pap and went to live with her sister in Baltimore. Mrs. Raisin told her friends that thirty years of living with Pap was about all she felt called upon to stand.

"That's like a woman," said Pap. "Never can tell what they'll do. But Ma always was a little impulsive. She married me on the spur of the moment and here the durned impulsive critter's gone off like a fire-cracker."

Pap got along pretty well for a few years after that, but he died rather suddenly as the result of lying down to sleep in the stall of an impulsive mule in Henry Goforth's stable.

Still Pap's average of the good things of this life was fair. W. A. D.

CITIES SMASHED—TRIFLES SPARED!

LEAVING A TRACK OF RUIN as clean-cut and sharp-edged as a furrow plowed across a field, the recent Ohio tornado ripped through the homes of Sandusky along the path this airplane photograph shows so clearly. And yet, right in the middle of the track, one house remains! Who can guess the ways of the wind?

International Photo.

FLINGING MOTORCARS ABOUT LIKE STRAWS, the tornado swept over this bathing beach at Lorain, Ohio, wrecked the breakwater, and snuffed out a score of lives among the bathers. Yet, after all the terriffic impact of wind and wave, the pole supporting the life-line stands serene—thanks to the freakish whims of the storm!

P. & A. Photo.

WHEN A HOUSE IS PLUCKED UP BY THE ROOTS, turned upside down in the air, and dashed to earth again, you wouldn't think glassware stood much chance, would you? Yet there it is in the chandelier, every globe intact! And there's the piano, ready to be played!

P. & A. Photo.

ACROSS AMERICA IN LESS THAN A DAY!

WINGING HIS WAY from New York to San Francisco in the most spectacular airplane flight of the year, Lieut. Russell Maughan crossed the United States in 21 hours 47 minutes. The picture shows Colonel Gilmore greeting him on his arrival at Crissy Field, San Francisco, where it is said 50,000 cheered his remarkable feat. P. & A. Photo

FIREBOATS POURED FLOODS into the steamer Egremont Castle when a naphtha explosion on board the latter took five lives and brought injury to nine. The blast took place while the steamer was moored to a Brooklyn pier and the craft was quickly towed into midstream. P. & A. Photo

Why WOMEN *Talk* MOST

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

Her lips curl about in fine disdain and she makes her points by tapping the paprika pot upon the table.

An Ingenious Expose of the Age-old Reasons That Lead the Fairer Sex to Tell It to the World While Mere Man Wraps Himself in Silence

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

"WHY does she 'cry her eyes out'?" I asked. My mother went on with her cruel work and the neighbor who had dropped in set her lips rigorously.

"Twist your stockings straight!" was her oracular reply.

"Why does she 'cry her eyes out'?" I repeated, the while yanking at my clean balbriggans so that the pink embroidered rose tree might climb decorously up the shinbone and not the calves of my little legs.

Although my mother remained silent, the visitor felt I should have the full blow of it as a punishment for curiosity.

"Because," the neighbor snapped at me, "because she is divorced."

My reaction was not what she expected. Instead, the moment was a glad and dizzy one. The gentle little woman with red rims to her eyes lived three doors from us. We had somebody divorced in our neighborhood. I thrilled to the badness of it and I marveled that the caller could successfully hide her gratification over the proximity of anything so daring.

My mother was gentle. "You see, Louise, now that she is divorced she has no one to talk to. She has nothing to do but cry."

"She tried to talk to me," said the iron visitor, "but I shut her up. I don't take sides, mind you, but I notice *he* doesn't talk."

My mother completed a scarlet tulip and snipped the thread with the air of cutting short the conversation as well.

"No, he doesn't talk," mother admitted to the iron woman, "but he has a buggy to drive around in."

CAST this aside as extraneous matter if you wish. Begin here if you want to, but I see now that the present subject under discussion: of the wife who talks and the husband who doesn't, after separation, is pretty well exemplified by the red-eyed neighbor and the husband who had a buggy in which to drive around.

This is no snap judgment. It has mulled around in my brain for forty years. From cream balbriggans to black cotton ones, from cotton to lisle, from lisle to decorous black in silk—and on and on to Indian skin transparencies—rolled at the knee! One doesn't think with one's legs, but I've marched through decades of discoveries with those legs and they have taken me closer to the divorcée than the circumspect balbriggans could ever have hoped for.

We have one—a divorcée—in the house—we have one in the family. Our one in the family did no crying. And she did no talking. And her face became as an impassive brownstone front behind which lie seething, proud miseries. She did not marry again, and she was not loved again. Nobody could get beyond that façade.

And now there is another divorcée blossoming into fulfillment in our astonished church ranks. Occasionally I run across her in a restaurant. She is always giving the dinner. She has to. For she is giving it that she may talk.

Her woman guest endeavors to eat her chicken with the enjoyment a guest should show to a fowl she is not paying for, yet also must she treat it as a second-rate bird, second-rate to the interest she must take in the st... which is being tapped into her ears. My kins... woman's eyes are glittery, her lips curl al... about in fine disdain, and she makes her points by tapping the paprika pot upon the table. I... is all very, very uncomfortable for every on... but the waiter.

"Why must she do this?" I ask myself slinking into a place behind the cashier's des... "She's got rid of him. *He's* not explaining, and... yet she's a heap sight better than he is!"

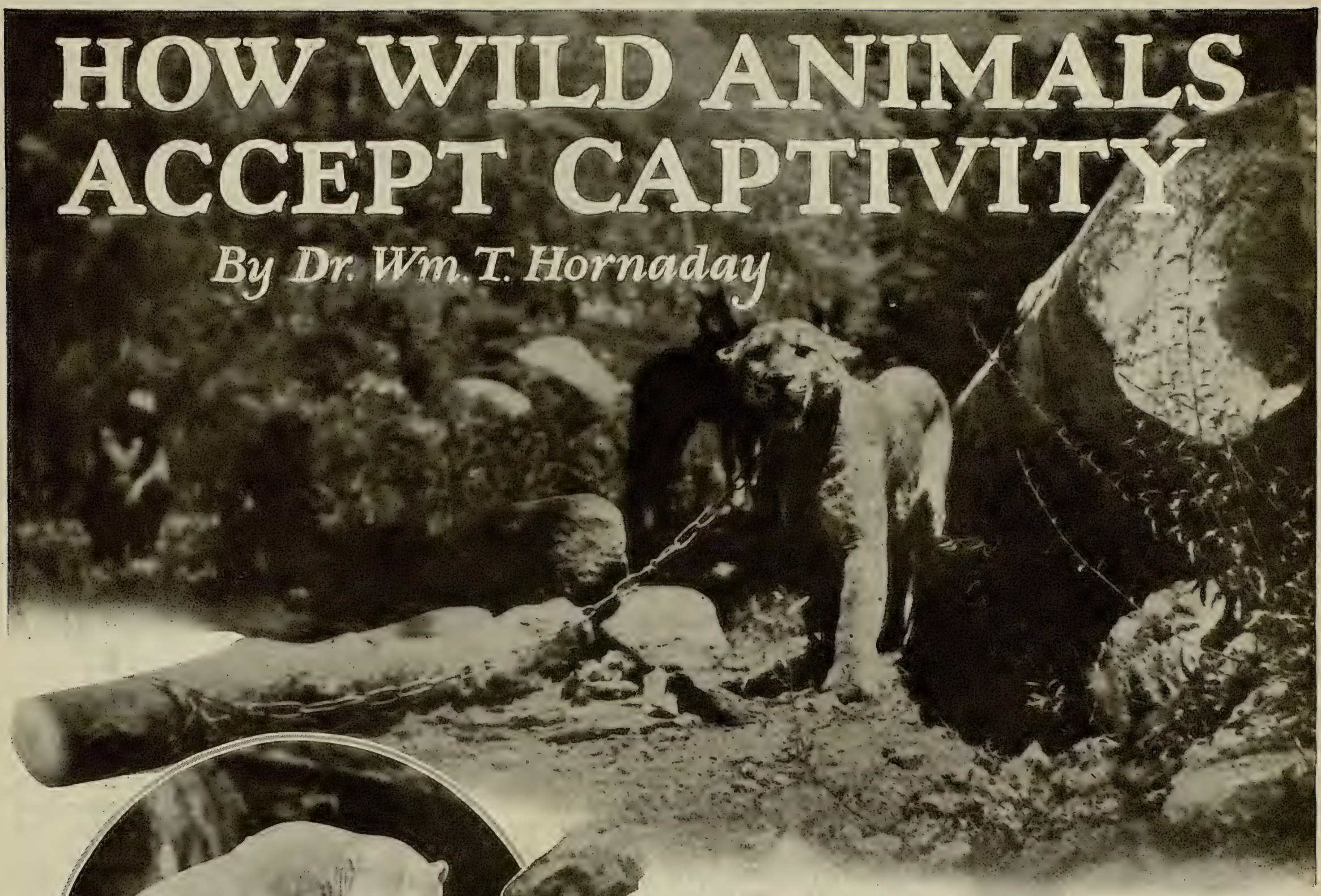
But even as I deprecate this parade of family linen, I am glad that she, of this third generation, will have no red rims to her eyes o... become a fountain sealed. She will, when thi... Ancient Mariner business of holding up th... wedding guest is out of her system, become ... normal woman again and be kind to the paprik... pot. And some day she will smell the warm damp earth after the winter is over and s... will cry, "It is spring!" and go look for a... ensnaring hat.

For the gymnast keeps his balance with hi... waving arms, and we women keep ours wit... our little red waggling tongues.

I suppose even in days when the high w... of the harem garden was the limit of a w... an's horizon she felt a desire for self-expr...

HOW WILD ANIMALS ACCEPT CAPTIVITY

By Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday



Full grown mountain lion, chained like a big dog a few minutes after capture, with his eyes on the photographer and no signs of fury or resentment.

Silver King, the Polar Bear who refuses to accept captivity. Thirteen years in the cage, and no one has yet had the nerve to pay him a friendly visit.

First of a Series of Highly Unusual and Interesting Articles by the Director of the New York Zoo

Dr. William T. Hornaday very frequently is spoken of as one of the most widely known naturalists of America. When yet a young man he elected to devote his life to "furnishing information about wild animals to the millions rather than to the scientific few." Today, as director of the world famous New York Zoölogical Park, as the leading wild life protector of the world, and the author of a long list of books on natural history, travel, adventure, and wild life protection, his audience really does amount to the "millions" of his boyhood ambition. His latest book, The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals, has thoroughly established him throughout the English speaking world as a safe and sane authority on animal intelligence.

To Dr. Hornaday's breezy, crisp and unconventional style, and its friendly appeal to the reader, is due the demand for his knowledge and his views of the animals of the world. His insistence upon the right of every wild animal to a square deal from man has made a profound impression upon the public.

OF all the wild animals seen in captivity, about ninety-eight per cent are captured in early life, when the units of resistance are small and few in a hill. They are caught before the normal spirit of self-reliance and bold resistance have developed.

Many persons sincerely believe that all wild animals in captivity "pine" for their native jungles; but this is not by any means the case with animals which are caught quite young, and are kept in comfortable quarters. Of course, any poor creature caged by a mean man in an evil way, in a small cage, is miserable; and it does pine hard for more room, good air, good light and decent society. If I had the power I would make short work of the cruelly small box cages in which many wretched animals are kept.

There are just the same differences in the keeping of captive animals that there are in the keeping of wives and children; and I ask all real humanitarians not to lose sight of this evident fact.

"It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," and it is hard for an independent and self-reliant adult wild animal of fixed habits and family responsibilities to accept sudden and violent capture, and enforced captivity in small quarters.

It rarely happens that such an animal can be furnished with large quarters, because of the character of the daily housekeeping which is necessary to a proper basis of sanitation and good health.

I think elephants are positively the only wild animals of considerable size which can be captured when adult and powerful, and so well settle down in captivity that they can live in a semi-free state with safety for the men who need to work around them. It is only under the most exceptional circumstances that it is possible for an adult-caught polar, grizzly or black bear to be kept in a big open air cage, into which keepers must enter to do the daily cleaning. In all the years we have had Silver King no keeper ever has gone into his cage save after he had been enticed into his small feeding cage and locked in.

Except in the case of elephants, reptiles and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

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Buy an International—it is yours—but we never forget it is ours. Our Free Inspection is a service you can depend on throughout the life of your truck—you can depend on the permanency of the maker.

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* * * * * * * * *

The International Speed Truck has a national reputation for quick hauling at low cost. All lines of business are using Internationals, and over 6000 merchants in one line alone are profiting by the economy and service of the International Speed Truck. It is the ideal combination of endurance, flexibility and speed. Maximum capacity, 2000 pounds; any type of body.

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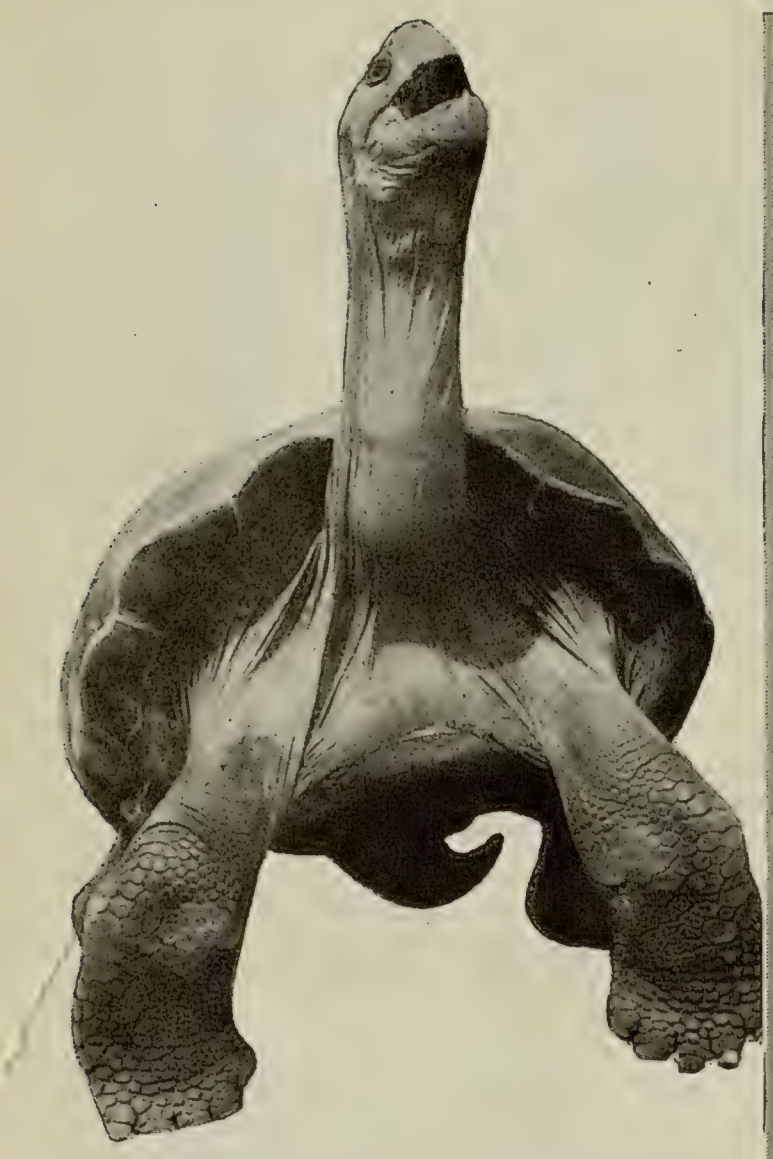
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY TRUCKS

FOR LOW-COST HAULING



Here's the granddaddy of 'em all! Five hundred years old and quite cheerful about it. Never snaps at the hand that feeds him.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

a few other species, it is not a good thing to capture adult wild animals to exhibit in captivity. They are not a good risk. They rarely turn out well; often they are very disappointing, and in some cases they become a nuisance.

I NEVER have heard of an adult gorilla or chimpanzee having been captured alive and caged. Those redoubtable animals of combined strength and agility, actually bid defiance to all animal men. So far as captures are concerned they are left severely alone, which is wise and commendable. I would rather try to catch forty lions than one adult gorilla or chimpanzee. The latter may be all right as long as they are left unmolested, but to bring one to bay and attempt its capture alive is to rouse a raging demon with the strength of a maniac and the teeth of a leopard.

I have seen one full grown male orang-utan, of large size and broad cheek callosities, that I know was captured wild, only a few weeks before I saw it. The animal was at the country home of Mr. Whampoa of Singapore, and the sight of it well repaid the trouble for a visit. The great beast was in a very good cage, in a fine garden, and being well cared for and immune from malicious annoyances, it had settled down to passive captivity in a way that betokened a good quality of intelligence.

In the New York Zoölogical Park we have had two adult orangs, a male and a female with a nice baby, which must have been caught when adult. The female was almost docile; and while the male was cross and dangerous, neither fought their cages nor spitefully resisted their surroundings.

The transition from dangerous apes to dangerous bears is easy. Take them pound for pound, our biggest bears are far less dangerous to our men than the adult apes. The bears are not so fearfully agile, nor so aggressive, nor so treacherous; and they are much more obedient to discipline.

California sea lions in the New York Zoo; they come when called, eat out of the keeper's hands, and never lose their temper.

Our worst bear case is Silver King, the huge male polar captured in the Kane Basin in 1910 when fully adult. Two polar bears were captured by Paul J. Rainey by lassoing them while they were swimming in the waters of Kane Basin, and the motor-driven whaleboat then towed them to the side of the ship where a donkey engine hoisted the animals on board without any injury save to their feelings.

From the moment the noose of the lasso landed on his neck until he landed in his den in our place, with only one intermission he fought like a tiger, or worse. For a period on board the ship he agreed to an armistice, but the moment his cage was hoisted off the deck of the Steamship Beothic at New York he again became a raging demon. It was nothing but three pounds of chloroform, a big roll of cotton and a good blanket that kept him from escaping.

THE housework of "Silver King" is accomplished by enticing him with food into a small shifting cage and securely shutting him into it while the keepers do their work. The big Anticosti black bear was so amiable that he always permitted the keepers to enter his cage just as the bears do that have been reared in captivity.

Although Silver King occupies a truly ideal cage for a polar bear, with great space and freedom, a fine swimming pool, a big sleeping den and all that, in thirteen long years he never once has given up and accepted captivity. To the last he is and will be savage, dangerous, unreasonable and contrary. Just to spite us, he very rarely goes into his pool for a swim, even in the hottest weather, and in consequence his coat for half the time is soiled with dirt. In fact, as an exhibition animal, Silver King came very near to being a failure.

I have seen several grizzly bears which had been caught when fully grown, and all of them had accepted captivity, and so far settled down that they were more or less satisfactory as exhibition animals. Two were in the Zoölogical Park at Washington, having been captured in the Yellowstone Park. A third one was held by its captor in durance most vile outside the New Orleans Exposition until it died in its pine-log cage.

A splendid Siberian tiger. Don't you just love his benevolent face—until somebody suggests your stepping up and shaking hands with him?

Perhaps the greatest grizzly ever captured was "Monarch" of California, for several years successfully exhibited in the zoo at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. That truly fine animal finally accepted captivity—for several years made the best of it—and lived out his allotment of years.

The most remarkable adult captured wild

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The giant ant-eater of South America. Peevish when first caught, but soon settles down.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

animal that I ever knew this side of the elephant was the very big and very handsome Anticosti Island black bear which was caught for us in 1921 by Martin Zede, manager, and presented to us by Senator Gaston Menier of Paris, owner of Anticosti. That animal was caught in a comfortable traveling cage set in the woods. He never showed the slightest anger or resentment over his capture, and he cheerfully ate out of Mr. Zede's hand six hours after his capture. He was shipped at once to New York, and down to the day of his lamented and wholly premature death in June of last year from pneumonia he never was angry! His philosophic amiability remains to us an astounding phenomenon.

Among the big "cat animals" I have personally known three that were caught when full grown and caged. One was the lioness roped in British East Africa in 1910 by Buffalo Jones and his two western cowboys, tied to a tree, hauled into a traveling cage, and transported to New York. When the lioness reached the New York zoo her nerves were wholly gone. She felt that she had no friends, and that every hand was against her. When we adjusted her cage to the door of her permanent home and opened both doors she refused to come out of the cage she called home. She seemed to feel that her last hour had come and she preferred to die where she was. We worked her patiently, and without force, and the men were more than two hours in persuading her to change quarters.

In her new home she was at first just as wild as when she roamed the East African veldt and lived on gnu and zebra, but she did not fight captivity, nor fret, nor visibly pine for freedom. She elected to lie in the farthest corner of her balcony, so that we saw only her head and face. For a year she would not come down in the daytime even for her food.

DURING the last half of her second year with us the lioness accepted us as friends, or at least passive enemies, and consented to come down to the main floor of her apartment, where the populace could see her.

But this did not last permanently. After three or four years of normal cage life, but without having shown any regard whatever for her keepers, she again elected to spend her days in that same right hand far corner of her balcony. There she at last ended her days, after having lived with us thirteen years.

In 1907, when Buffalo Jones and Zane Grey went to the Kaibab Forest, north of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, Mr. Jones made a record breaking catch of nine mountain lions, all alive and unhurt. At that time we had enough mountain lions and could not accept all of them, but the largest and finest adult male was shipped on to us for A. Phimister Proctor, the sculptor, to use as a model. One hot day about the end of August a big iron barred cage arrived, with the mountain lion in it "dead." I rushed to the receiving platform and had the front of the cage turned toward the light.

"Too late! What a pity!"

And just then I plainly saw the lower jaw move a trifle, in a last faint gasp for life.

"Water!" I yelled. "Bring a pail of water—and a cup."

In about fifteen seconds I began to dash cupfuls of cold water into the face of the apparently dead animal. At once the half open mouth filled, and the dry tongue feebly reached forward to lick the wetness from the lips. Next, we threw a whole pailful of water over the superheated animal, flooding the floor. Slowly and groggily the poor creature pulled himself together and began to lap water from the floor.

I have seen thousands of thirsty animals drink, but never another as long as that one drank. It was good to look at. The poor creature had torn loose from its moorings the big metal cause-kettle which had been fastened in one corner of its box, chewed it up, and then the express messengers had nothing in which to give it a drink.

That animal accepted captivity without any fuss whatever—as nearly all pumas do—it lived long and it rendered good service, first to Mr. Proctor and art, and at last to education at the National Zoölogical Park.

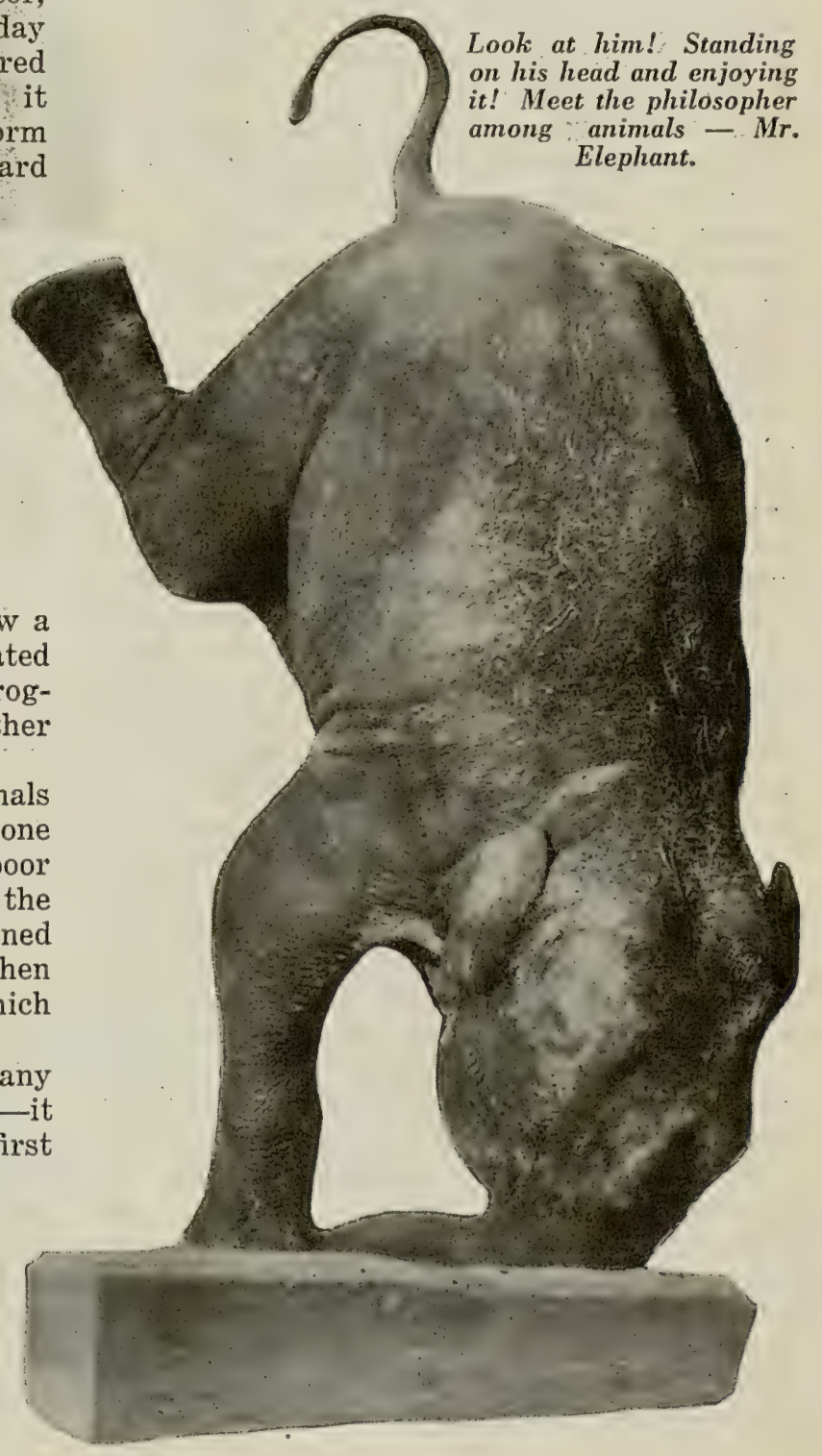
MR. JONES' puma catching industry on the rim of the Grand Canyon was a great success, chiefly because of the philosophic minds of the parties of the second part. When a puma had been driven by the dogs into a pine tree Jones would climb up and with a long pole push the animal off its perch. Once on the ground the dogs held the puma at bay until the cowboys could rope it. Then the animal was carefully stretched upon the ground and held there while Jones snipped off the business end of each claw with a pair of flat-nosed cutting pliers, and put on the neck a leather collar and a chain.

After that each "lion" was chained to a tree all his own, and fed and tended until exportation. Col. Jones' photographs showed big "lions" sitting by their trees as serenely and nonchalantly as so many sanguine mastiff dogs.

Carl Hagenbeck sold to us (for $15,000) three of the five pigmy hippopotami which his hunter, Hans Schomburgk, caught in the interior of Liberia, West Africa, in 1912. Two of the three were fully grown males, with sharp and dangerous tusks. One of the male specimens was bad tempered, and more or less dangerous, and even after a lapse of eleven years his hatred of man has not cooled. This, however, is an individual trait only.

The temper of the other male is serene and sound, and in the many shiftings to which he is subjected he always does as he is bid, and makes no trouble. The female is a wise and good mother, with far more perfect maternal instinct than our chimpanzee, "Suzette," who does not know enough to suckle her own babies and actually starves them to death. (Yes, we *do* believe in birth control!) Our two normal pygmy hippos openly revel in their captivity, and pet pigs are no more grateful and comforting than they.

Another installment of this interesting narrative about wild animals by Doctor Hornaday will appear soon.



Look at him! Standing on his head and enjoying it! Meet the philosopher among animals — Mr. Elephant.

Le BUREAU de Poste

Letters, Telegrams — How Many Heart Beats Depend Upon Their Safe Dispatch or Receipt! In This Unusual Short Story the Daughter of Margot Asquith Pens a Vivid Sketch of a Girl's Soul as She Awaits One of Those Fateful Letters.

By PRINCESS BIBESCO

Wife of the Roumanian Minister to the United States; Author of The Society Ladder at Washington, etc.

Pictures by OSCAR HOWARD

Yes, she would put on her diamond necklace if Jeanne liked.

HER dreams were taking disordered plunges into consciousness. The dog which had been talking to her—it had been some one she knew quite well—ceased speaking, a creeping awakeness was breaking up the strange familiar world in which a few moments before she had been so completely at home, until even her memory was no longer able to cling to the disintegrating fragments.

What had she been dreaming about? She couldn't remember. But she knew what had awakened her—it had been the feeling that the front door bell was about to ring. She stretched out her hand to find her watch—yes, it was half-past eight. The post might arrive at any moment. For three whole days she hadn't heard from him, and yet, when they were in the same town, he was always writing to her—writing to her because he had just left her, or because he was just going to see her, not really writing to her at all, but almost inadvertently allowing some of his love to tremble on to a bit of paper.

And now for three whole days——

She tried to imagine reasonable, coherent explanations, but there weren't any. If he were ill—but, of course, then she would have heard at once.

If he had had an accident——

With an absurd feeling of comfort she remembered having once looked at his life line, firm and hard and unbroken.

Perhaps some one had said something. But what could any one have said? And how magnificently incapable of listening he was.

"How I shall laugh at myself tomorrow for having been so ridiculously worried about nothing. I shan't even be able to remember what it felt like—any more than one is able to remember what it was like to feel sick."

But it was no use.

Her heart went on thumping away like a hospital nurse playing a church tune.

"Perhaps, if I don't ring to find out whether the post has arrived—perhaps, if I am very patient——" She waited five minutes.

"O God," she prayed, "let my letter come. I promise I will go and see Cousin Emily. I will be so good and grateful and unselfish."

The passage was full of noises.

"Jeanne," she called. ("I didn't ring," she excused herself.) "Has the post come?"

But yes, the post had come. There were three bills and a letter from an old friend—such a delightful old friend.

"DO you miss me sometimes?" he asked, "or does one only miss people always or never? Perhaps I am vain to say 'miss.' Are you sometimes reminded of me? By parrot tulips, or sheep dogs, for instance?"

She was feeling so sick—as if she had fallen a very long way through the air.

"Of course," she wrote, "you are every sheep dog and every parrot tulip."

Wearily she got up.

Underneath a surface of apathy, worry was gnawing at her like a destructive puppy.

"I must do something," she said to herself, and then, a little bitterly, "It has always been like that with me: action has never been a tidy, crisp thing, but always a fictitious form of escape—an evasion."

She told her driver to take her to a *bureau de poste*. En route they ran into the vast blue back of a postman, but the rickety little taxi ricocheted gayly, bounding back like a ball from a wall.

"Poor man," Beatrice leaned out wide-eyed with concern, but the man was not at all hurt, only very angry and very, very rude.

In the post office there was an incredible number of *guichets*.

She found a telegraph form, a little puddle of drying purple ink, a pen covered with hair. On a seat were two children—a little boy in a black pinafore and a black tammy, with his younger sister in crocheted pink wool, holding a tight bunch of dahlias.

"Poor children," Beatrice thought—"what a struggle their mother must have to keep them so clean and tidy. And fancy the little boy having to run errands when he ought to be at school. Probably he stays awake half the night working to make up for it. Perhaps he is ambitious. Perhaps he wants to be an engineer and his father just cannot afford to give him the proper education. And when he reads at night his stepmother scolds him for wasting the light."

Beatrice had forgotten the nice clean mother.

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Yes, of course, they had a stepmother, poor children.

At that moment a smiling woman with a gay shawl over her head came up.

"*V'là,*" she said, handing a cage with a canary in it to the little boy, who took it rapturously. Laughing and talking, hand in hand, they went into the street.

A girl walked in. She was dressed in very neat black, conventional and tidy it looked, without the faintest possibility of mourning. She was twisting her gloves into strange knots—clearly, she was very nervous.

Was it wise to telegraph? she wondered. Would it not be better to wait until she saw her father—and yet perhaps it was best to confront him violently with the fact, to let him receive her news badly and at its worst. Then, later she could work in all the exquisite details of her happiness, telling him the little reassuring things that were bound to convince him. He would be so pleased about Henri's taste for ornithology; and, after, there was a *tante à héritage.* Of course, he wasn't rich. How could you expect a scientific chemist to be rich? But wasn't it wonderful to be a scientist? The most wonderful thing in the world.

The girl's eyes were very soft and bright.

"I will have a wreath of little green leaves with a bunch of orange blossom over each ear," she said to herself.

Beatrice smiled a little timidly at her and the girl smiled back. "Such a sad smile," Beatrice thought, "but how brave."

Impulsively, a little shyly, she unpinned the violets she was wearing.

"*Du courage, mademoiselle,*" she said, and then hurriedly, and a little shyly, she joined the queue.

In front of her, a man in overalls read and re-read what he had written. When he put it on the counter, he fished some coins out of his pocket, brought out a purse and added a note.

Beatrice felt the tears well up in her eyes. Of course he couldn't afford the telegram—it was a terrible sacrifice he was making. For a week he would have to walk to his work in order to save train fares.

"*Madame——*" the clerk was speaking to her.

"*Monsieur——*" she answered absently.

Then she gave him her telegram. He counted the words. Yes, those words, each letter of which was made out of misery and doubt and pain—to him they were just a little bit of arithmetic, a commodity you paid for, a part of the day's work. She looked at him with interest, all day long he dealt in rapture and pain and anxiety—birth and death passed through his hands, and love and hope and despair.

All day long he counted words which were torn from people's hearts—words which were really wounds.

And mechanically he gave them a figure, he named a price for the mysteries of life.

. . . . . .

She was dressing for dinner. No, she didn't want her pink dress; no, she didn't want to wear a rose in her hair. Yes, she would put on her diamond necklace if Jeanne liked.

And then Jeanne said, "*Madame a vu qu'il y a une lettre pour elle.*"

Beatrice suddenly felt quite sick.

"*Non,*" she said in a dim voice——

BEATRICE opened her letter. He hadn't written, he said, because he hadn't wanted to disturb his image of her; a letter would have been like throwing a stone into a pool with her reflection in it—he didn't want to break into his thoughts of her even with his own words——

There were tears in her eyes. How unworthy she was, how profoundly unworthy. What had she to offer him? Only her miserable, jerky, faithless, preposterous love.

She wrote to him——

"If only you thought a little less of me and a little more of yourself, you would be thinking more of me——

"I went to a post office today. I wish you had been with me (you were with me, of course, but which of us is not enough of a materialist to wish our beloved by our side, as well as in our heart?). Every one was so happy—— Two children delirious over a canary—— A girl with dim, radiant eyes, the whole of her in love.

"Don't laugh at me and say that I am imagining things. Who am I that I shouldn't know happiness when I see it?——"

THE END

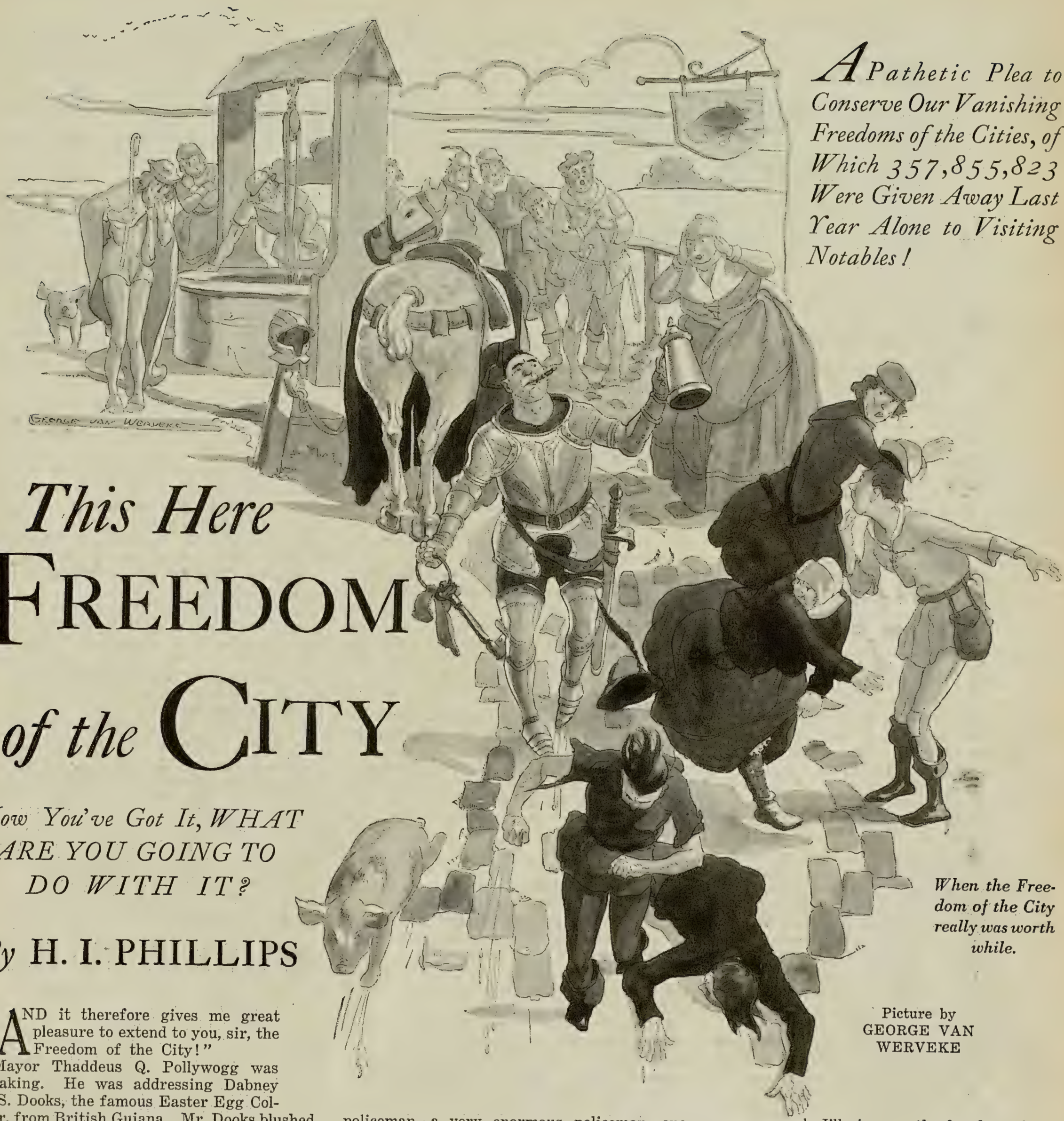
The man was not hurt, only very angry and very, very rude.

A Pathetic Plea to Conserve Our Vanishing Freedoms of the Cities, of Which 357,855,823 Were Given Away Last Year Alone to Visiting Notables!

This Here FREEDOM *of the* CITY

Now You've Got It, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?

By H. I. PHILLIPS



When the Freedom of the City really was worth while.

Picture by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

"AND it therefore gives me great pleasure to extend to you, sir, the Freedom of the City!"

Mayor Thaddeus Q. Pollywogg was speaking. He was addressing Dabney O. S. Dooks, the famous Easter Egg Colorer, from British Guiana. Mr. Dooks blushed, read a few well chosen words of gratitude, bowed, knocked over an eighty dollar potted plant, posed for a flashlight and followed an escort of aldermen to a taxicab. Movie cameras clicked, there was some handclapping from bystanders who thought the stranger was Douglas Fairbanks, and Mr. Dooks, doffing his hat in the general direction of the city hall, was off to his hotel.

"The Freedom of the City!" Mr. Dooks murmured. "Think of that now!"

"Gee," replied the taxi driver, "you're the fifth guy I've had today who's just been given that thing!"

Mr. Dooks, the famous Easter Egg Colorer, was considerably taken aback. He rode on in silence. The brakes suddenly groaned. A policeman, a very enormous policeman, one with a red face and beetle-brows, advanced to the taxi.

"What's the idea tearin' through traffic like a couple of nuts?" he bellowed. "Think I put my hand up for nuttin'? Drive over there to the side of the curb!"

"BUT, Officer," piped Mr. Dooks, leaning out of the car. "It's all right. I've been given the Free——"

"No back talk!" thundered the policeman.

"But," insisted Mr. Dooks, "you don't understand. I've been given the Freedom of the City!" He smiled broadly.

"Well, whatever it is it don't get you no place with me," replied the officer. "I'm giving this driver a summons, and, if you gimme any more gab, I'll give you the freedom of the hoosegow. Get me?"

The summons was made out after considerable delay. Mr. Dooks reached his hotel a half hour late. He was in a very peevish mood. At that moment there was the sound of fire engines passing outside. There was a rush to the door.

"Big fire down the street!" said a stranger, galloping by. Mr. Dooks liked fires. He never had been able to get near one. "But with the Freedom of the City——" he thought.

He rushed out and down the street. He was there as soon as the engines and speedily parked himself opposite the burning building.

"Hey, you! Get back outta there!"

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Mr. Dooks was being addressed by three policemen and a fire captain.

"I'm enjoying the Freedom of the City," whispered Mr. Dooks.

"T'row dis nut outta here!" bawled the policeman, pushing Dooks over and summoning two assistants.

Mr. Dooks ran. He sought refuge in the subway. In his chagrin he lighted a cigaret.

"Come with me," said a hoarse voice.

"What now?" asked Dooks as he turned and saw a plain clothes man with a hand upon his shoulder.

"Smoking in the subway," snapped the p. c. m.

"But I have the Freedom of the City," exclaimed Mr. Dooks.

"Now I'll tell one," scoffed the officer as he dragged him away.

Mr. Dooks presently found himself facing a magistrate.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the court.

"YOUR Honor, I considered I was well within my rights. I had just been given the Freedom of the City," replied Mr. Dooks.

"That's what they all say!" snapped the court. "Twenty-five dollars and costs!"

Mr. Dooks paid the fine. He rushed from the court, called a taxi and cried feverishly, "To the city hall!"

Arriving there Mr. Dooks leaped up the stairs six at a time and burst into the mayor's office. The mayor arose to greet him.

"Why, my dear Mr. Dooks!" the mayor cried, extending his hand. "How are you enjoying the Freedom of the City?"

Mr. Dooks did not answer. He grabbed a five gallon water bottle out of the iron stand and let hizzoner have it full in the face. Whereupon he leaped out of the window with a cry of, "Sic semper hokum!" A literal translation of which is:

"What a fine lot of bunk that is!"

The general verdict will be that Mr. Dooks was amply justified. Something has got to be done about this "Freedom of the City" thing. More than 357,855,823 people were given the Freedom of the City in American communities during the last fiscal year. It is estimated that every hour of the day in at least fourteen American cities the mayor is standing in the council chamber of the city hall with his silk hat in one hand and his set speech in the other, extending the Freedom of the City to one or more spat-wearing visitors.

And while the impressive, but more or less baffling, ceremony of presenting the Freedom of the City is going on the native taxicab drivers, merchants, restaurant proprietors, hat check boys, waiters, and associated bandits are gathering in an expectant group around the municipal building daring the recipient of the new freedom to come out and do something with it. It's a good trick if he does it.

CEREMONIES of this type are an outgrowth or offshoot of the Freedom of the City custom. And this F. of the C. thing is a very, very old custom.

It is, in fact, old enough to know better. It originated back in the eighth or ninth century and was going at its best (previous to the last few years) along about Friday afternoon, May 18, 1187. The Twelfth Century "guilds" developed this Freedom of the City idea. These guilds were organizations of craftsmen in each town. They enjoyed a monopoly of all business within the town and all visitors were regarded as rank outsiders.

In order to enjoy any rights of citizenship in a town you had to belong to one of the guilds, and to belong to a guild you had to serve an apprenticeship. This apprenticeship lasted seven years. Not until you had served seven years did you have anything approaching Freedom of the City.

When a stranger came to town he might look in the store windows for a few hours, do a little shopping, or hobnob with the alehouse proprietor for a limited time, but he was given what would be called today "the bum's rush" if he tried to settle down and make himself at home. Nobody got the Freedom of a City in those days because he was a good actor, the writer of two best sellers, an authority on spirit photography, or a whiz of a public speaker in his own home town.

"I'm glad to hear it," the burgomaster, or whatever they called the mayor in those days, would say, "but if you want any rights around this neck of the woods take off your coat and learn a good trade. At the end of seven years come to my office, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Now and then a prince or a duke, or a traveling salesman selling ostrich plumes for men's hats would come along and the townsmen would feel an exception should be made. And in such a case the town magistrates would hold a meeting and vote on the question of extending the Freedom of the City. The vote had to be unanimous, as it only took one blackball to reject, just as in the Elks. If the vote was favorable a proclamation was issued announcing the bestowal of the great honor and the lucky person's name was added to the list of town burghers, with suitable music and maybe a luncheon by the local Rotary Club.

THE visitor thus invested could park his horse in front of the post office and keep the feedbag over his (the horse's) head in violation of City Ordinance 856, Section A; he could defy the "no smoking" signs wherever encountered, sing "Will Ye Quaff With Me, My Lads?" in a quiet zone, fight a duel in a one-way street, walk into a public house and demand service ahead of the regular customers, and have countless other privileges that amounted to something. He was entitled to turn in one fire alarm a day for his personal amusement, ring as many doorbells as he liked, and paint "Kick Me" on the back of the chief of police Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The idea was to make the visitor feel that the Freedom of the City really was worth while.

But in the course of the centuries the value of the honor has deteriorated. In the last eight centuries it has deteriorated fully eight centuries' worth. In those days, the Freedom of the City was extended so seldom that it was considered quite an event. Today the Freedom of the City is kept in bunches like bananas in every city hall in the country. No visitor can get through without taking a helping.

No longer is there the slightest feeling of personal sacrifice when a mayor makes this gift. The only thing expected in return is that the recipient agree to listen to the addresses of the mayor or president of the board of aldermen without laughing or hissing.

However, after he has got it, his troubles begin. In the first place, the mayor gives you nothing to PROVE you have it. The recipient of the Freedom of the City should be given a polka dot vest, or a hat with a bird on it, or a red shawl with "City Guest" painted on it, or a police badge, or allowed to carry a spear or something so people may know he has it. Or they should let him have the use of a fire chief's auto for a half day. How else are the taxicab drivers to know he's entitled to any extra consideration?

It doesn't mean anything. The following experiences of recent recipients of the honor give startling testimony to the inadequacy of the custom:

Abner K. Coscobb, reindeer steak salesman, Canada:

"I HAVE tried the Freedom of the City in eighteen American cities during the last year and am just the same as ever. I haven't the slightest idea what it is all about. In Chicago I understood it gave me the right to play in the streets with uniformed policemen and ride on escalators while lying down. I was arrested and given thirty days in the workhouse.

"In San Francisco I was led to believe the Freedom of the City entitled me to a salute from district attorneys and allowed me to pull the extension ladders out from under working firemen. I was wrong in both instances. In New York I took a taxicab to Grant's tomb. The fare should have been one dollar and a half. Upon arrival I told him I had just been given the Freedom of the City. He charged me five dollars and seventy-five cents and said he had carried eight hackloads of men similarly honored inside of the previous twelve hours. I should advise everybody against accepting it under any circumstances."

Eustace Narrowgauge, ectoplasm photographer, England:

"The mayor of New York gave me the Freedom of the City at 1:30 p. m. March 17, 1924. I tried to cross the street during a St. Patrick's Day parade at 1:45 on my way from the city hall. That is all I remember at this time."

Miu Sanyen Hokuri, manager, troupe of trained silkworms, Japan:

"Last year was conferred upon me honorable Freedom of City by honorable mayor of Boston, U. S. A. Great crowd of honorable people gather about. When I leave city hall I discover somebody steal my watch. I find it impossible to tell time by Freedom of City and ask your advice."

From which it can be seen that the Freedom of the City is all right if you know how to protect yourself. But if you try to fly a kite down Broadway you'll be investigated whether you have it or not.

AS far as I have been able to ascertain, the Freedom of the City entitles a recipient to only the following special privileges:

1. To carry matches.

2. To stop in front of music stores and listen to the new phonograph records.

3. To feed peanuts to squirrels in public parks.

4. To cross streets when signaled.

5. To wear a hat in free public libraries.

6. To talk back to bus drivers.

7. To criticize the national administration.

8. To look at the pictures in photographers' windows.

9. To write letters to the newspapers.

10. To refuse more than five wings in one order of boiled chicken.

However, the matter never has been fully investigated, and a prize of six piano boxes full of German marks will be given for the best answers to the following questions:

What is the Freedom of the City and why?

When you get it, do you know it?

Do you feel any better after you have taken it?

After you get it, what do you do with it, and how?

THE END

BIG ED HERRIOT COULD CARRY HIS WARD

A SPECIAL ARTICLE

By RICHARD ADAMS

IN Lyons, where he has been mayor for almost eighteen years, they call him Big Ed. The appellation came naturally, compelled by his personality. In his appearance, his methods, his genial shrewdness, and his easy leadership, he is more like the American politician than any of the current bosses of Europe. But in his political creed, his culture, and his departure from the conventional he is about as like the Big Tims, the Big Toms, and the Big Bills of our country as W. J. Bryan is like General Pershing.

If, for example, you can visualize the late Boies Penrose shouting the stuff of Bob La Follette, you have a pretty fair picture of Big Ed Herriot, the new premier of France.

Big Ed Herriot has a rutty road ahead. He is blessed or cursed (according to your estimate of its worth to a politician) with a sense of humor. This sense of humor, combined with his easy going fatalism and lack of passion, may be his undoing as a leader of radicals.

He is comfortably fat, and as a boss he has been easy. His speeches lack that fire, intensity, and fury expected of the radical. He shows no disposition to hate the opposition. Such opposition as he will encounter within his own party will come from the firebrands who think him too indulgent and too little of the fanatic.

His own party in the new Chamber of Deputies musters one hundred and forty votes and is, therefore, the dominant faction, being the numerically largest group. Painlevé controls forty dissenters from the program of the retired Poincaré, and Leon Blum has a following of about one hundred Marxian socialists. Already Big Ed Herriot has effected an alliance with Painlevé and Blum, thus swelling his voting power to a possible two hundred and eighty—a working, if not impressive, majority.

Herriot is, first and last, a Frenchman. To what extent his fundamental nationalism, pushed into the background by his internationalism, differs from that of the avowed imperialist, Poincaré, is not a matter to be lightly guessed at. His ascendancy does not prove very much more than that France has become weary of soaring indirect taxation and wanted a change. The Herriot platform promised the masses relief.

The radicalism of Big Ed Herriot is nothing truly exciting to the present-day mind. Briefly, he is for peace at any price *until some one threatens* France—when, just as sure as he is Edouard Herriot, he will forget everything save the safety of France.

THE new premier is physically big—possessing a bull neck, a heavy jaw, a large, round, curly head, and a voice such as Magnus Johnson might not sniff at. Since the banishment of Caillaux in 1919 he has been the boss of the radical socialist party in France.

He is fifty years old, the son, born at Troyes, of a Paris baker who once held a commission in the French army. Herriot's parents died in his younger school days, leaving him to be reared by an aunt who was the housekeeper for Professor Augagneur, the Mayor of Lyons. Upon leaving the Superior School in Paris, Herriot went to Lyons, where he lived in the house of Augagneur and obtained a place on the teaching staff of the Lyons schools.

Edouard Herriot, Premier of France

Kadel & Herbert Photo

Far from Being Long-haired, Lean, and Hungry, the New French Leader Would Make a First-class American "Boss"

Augagneur was a nationalist, and he believed he saw in Herriot a valuable accession to the ranks of the nationalist party. He failed to see those departures from the old guard in politics which were to be Herriot's triumphant precepts. He even urged Herriot for Mayor of Lyons and was largely instrumental in causing Herriot to succeed him in that office.

His patron, Augagneur, has since become Governor General of Madagascar, and now it is for Herriot to remove him from that post because of Augagneur's strong nationalist faith and pro-Poincaré cleavage.

During the war, while he never gave his approval, he used every ounce of his energy to maintain a working cameraderie between the manufacturers and the workers. Strike after strike impended—especially in the dark days of the winter of 1917-1918—and generally it was Big Ed Herriot who prevented the industrial breaches.

As the Germans were forced back toward the Rhine they left behind them, or in some cases took with them, French women who had become the mothers of the children of the Kaiser's soldiers. When the armistice was signed there remained these French mothers with their offspring to care for.

"Send them to Lyons," said Big Ed Herriot. "Lyons will adopt and care for all of them, the mothers and the children."

IN 1913 Herriot was elected senator from the Department of the Rhône and three years later became Minister of Supplies in the Briand cabinet. It was not necessary for him to resign from the mayoralty of Lyons to hold these additional posts. In 1922 Herriot went to Russia, where, as the guest of the soviet republic, he made a comprehensive study of the bolshevik fiscal program.

Rumor has it (and it has never been refuted) that it was the *Crédit Lyonnais*, the second financial institution in France, which sent Herriot to Moscow. It was his desire to learn what possibilities there were of the bolshevik recognition of the Tsarist indebtedness to the French government and the French people who held Romanoff securities. In exchange for Lenin's pledge to assume these prerevolution obligations, the bankers were to seek French recognition for Russia. Nothing came of the negotiation.

Herriot speaks German and English, which gives him somewhat of an advantage over his predecessors, who, excepting Clémenceau, were limited to French.

Like Roosevelt, Herriot is a practical politician, wherein he differs from Poincaré, whose legal training compels him to take a subjective, juridical view of all his problems. Poincaré insists that whatever is set down by the Versailles treaty is unchangeable and unalterable. Herriot does not assume that he is the sole proprietor of the peace document and its only accurate interpreter.

In his conference with the unified socialists as he was forming his cabinet, he said:

"In the presence of maneuvers directed against us I must remind you that our party has been, during the last four years, a constant defender of the balanced budget. We are anxious to make the income tax the basis of a real democratic system of taxation. In the next budget we shall seek, in a new arrangement of direct taxes, a means of lightening the charges created by indirect taxation, especially the tax on business turnover."

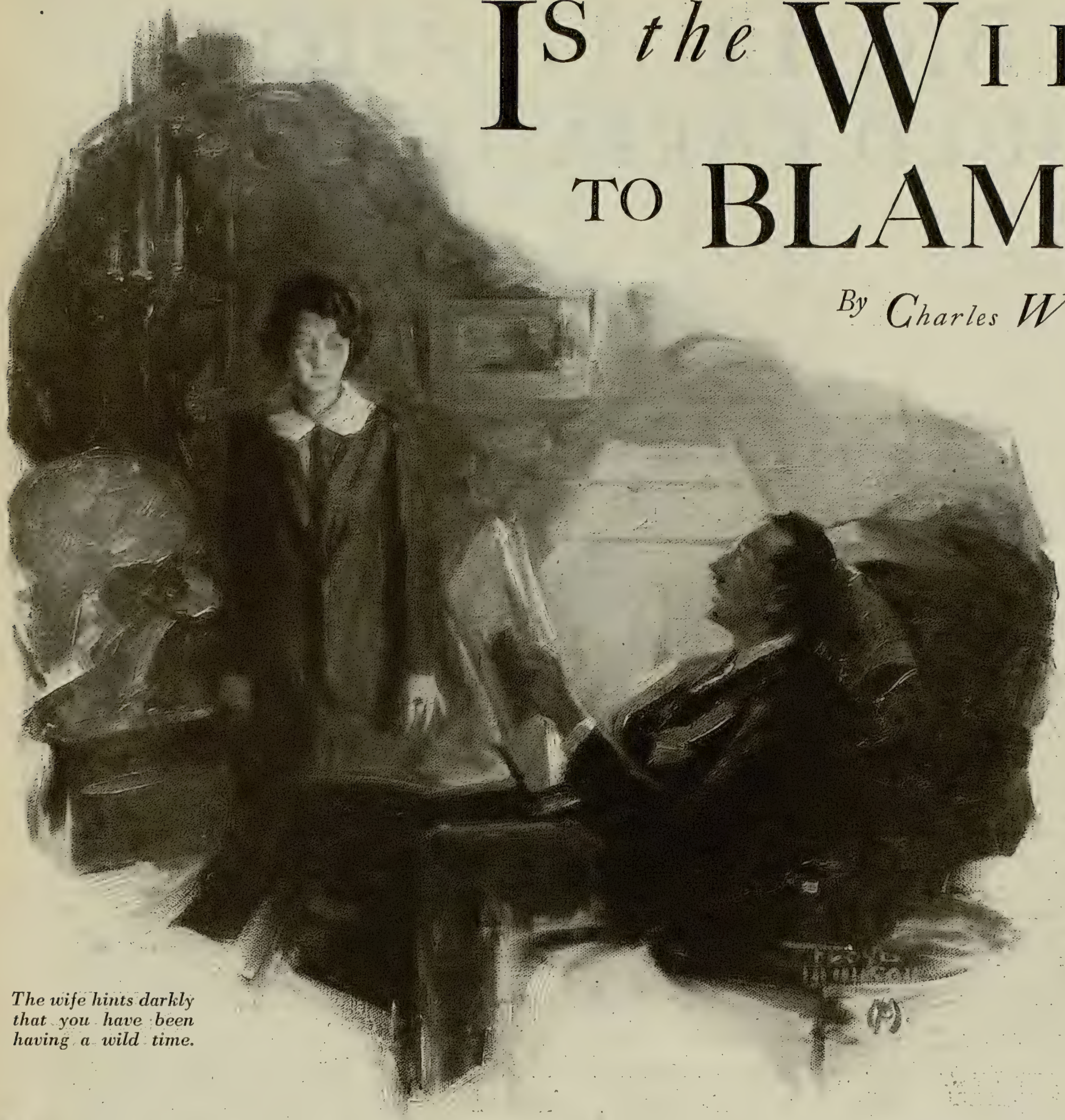
Quite naturally, French business deprecates that statement. MacDonald said substantially the same thing, and the protests in England were, as they are in France, that it means taxing capital out of the country. But British capital remains British and is not taking wings. So, Herriot says, neither will French capital.

THE END

IS *the* WIFE TO BLAME?

By Charles W. Lobdell

Pictures by
FLOYD MUNSON



The wife hints darkly that you have been having a wild time.

WHEN She Goes on a Vacation, Does Friend Husband Try to Paint the Town Red? Does He Go Out with the Pretty Ladies, or Does He Sit at Home and Mope?

DO the mice play while the cat is away? If they do, does the blame rest with the cat or with the mice?

The other day I stopped in the Hall of Records in New York City and, out of curiosity, looked over the records of the work of the divorce courts, picking out only those in which the parties were sufficiently important, socially and financially, to attract public attention.

The spring and fall shooting of husbands, and the spring and fall divorce complaints of wives indicate that at least some of the summer and winter vacations of wealthy, or near-wealthy, wives are climaxed by a rush to the bureau drawer to grab the revolver, or to the divorce courts to secure a permanent vacation from the marital state.

The frequency with which women who spend the summers at the seashore or in the mountains, and the winters in Florida or in other warm climates, complain that their husbands have demeaned themselves in a manner unbecoming a husband, leads to the suspicion that we married men do not always behave.

Another interesting revelation gleaned from the divorce records is that the husband who remains at home seldom complains that his wife was indiscreet while on vacation until she charges that he did not behave while she was away.

The discovery of a poker chip, a hairpin, a blonde hair, two theater ticket stubs, a hootch stained tablecloth, two holes burned in the rug, a double sized gas bill—all were mentioned in the divorce cases on record as the clews by which wives followed events and made charges. It is quite evident that the husband who, after being at home for a couple of months alone, is charged with having committed marital sins should retort:

"Huh—and what were *YOU* doing there with all those young fellows? O, I found that snapshot."

PERHAPS the most suspicious woman in the world revealed herself in one of those summer vacation divorce cases. She had been at the lake for nearly three months, while her tired business man husband toiled in the heated city and wrote her about his loneliness.

It is apparent from the evidence that the woman was possessed not only of a suspicious mind, but one with a Sherlock Holmes twist.

She wrote her husband that she would be home at a certain date. He employed a cleaning woman and a man and remained at home to clean the apartment. They cleaned everything in the place; scrubbed, polished, swept, dusted until the apartment was immaculate. He replaced the broken cup and disposed of all the milk bottles.

He met his wife and they went home in a

taxicab. The wife entered the apartment, glanced around, and, without a word, went to the closet, took out the vacuum cleaner, and, opening the dust receptacle, proceeded to hold an inquest on the contents. On the basis of finding two bronze hairpins, a wad of henna hair, and a lingerie pin—the cleaning woman's—the wife established a basis of divorce.

But think of any one having such a suspicious mind! The majority of husbands will agree that the man was lucky to lose her.

The question, however, is whether the man or the wife is to be blamed if the wife goes away for the summer or winter months and leaves the husband alone.

What is the proper and allowable form of amusement or entertainment for a married man left alone in the city? Is the husband more likely to "break loose" and have a wild time to celebrate a brief return of his liberty than he would be otherwise?

Now, I never have been divorced and am approaching the New York record for remaining constant to one wife. While I have discussed the problem with a number of friends, married and otherwise, and know their views, I may speak with authority only in my own case. There is, of course, no reason for any husband to claim rectitude. The best a husband gets is a verdict of guilty but not caught, and many husbands think it a greater triumph to escape being caught in mild flirtations than to behave.

THE wife plans the annual trip to the lake in order to start as soon as school closes and remain until it is time for school to open—a habit formed when the children had to go to school. The last few days before the departure of the family is a mixture of suppressed exultation and depression. A fellow hates to think of having his family go away, and then gets into a panic for fear they won't go.

I'm just as devoted to my wife and as crazy about the family as the rest of you are, but if you'll tell the truth that is the way you all feel. Women never will understand this feeling, so a fellow has to pretend all the time that he is blue and disconsolate, even while mentally figuring on what a whale of a time he will have when the folks are gone.

I remember once, when I was running a country town newspaper, the morning train pulled out and five minutes later Stanley Hopkins burst into the editorial sanctum.

"I've got two news items for you," he announced. "Mrs. Stanley Hopkins and children departed yesterday to spend the summer at their cottage in Michigan," he dictated.

"What's the other interesting item?"

"Mr. Stanley Hopkins is now going uptown to get stewed."

Honestly, now, don't you feel that way? And wouldn't the wife, if she understood, want you to feel that way? I always have had a sneaking suspicion that wives feel a bit that way themselves and need to get away from the every day routine of married life and house duties, and have a change and see different people—and perhaps dream for a week or two that they are girls again and that men still can look at them without endangering their eyesight.

IT will never do (and this is advice from a life termer among the benedicts) to let your wife suspect or believe you are glad to get rid of her for a few weeks. The truth is you aren't exactly glad in that way—you just want another taste of that old freedom, want to see the old gang again, stay out as late as you please, and indulge in a lot of things you have been carefully restrained from doing for years.

So when you kiss the wife good-by and slip the porter a tip for taking good care of the family, and promise for the third time to write every day and not to forget to pay the insur-

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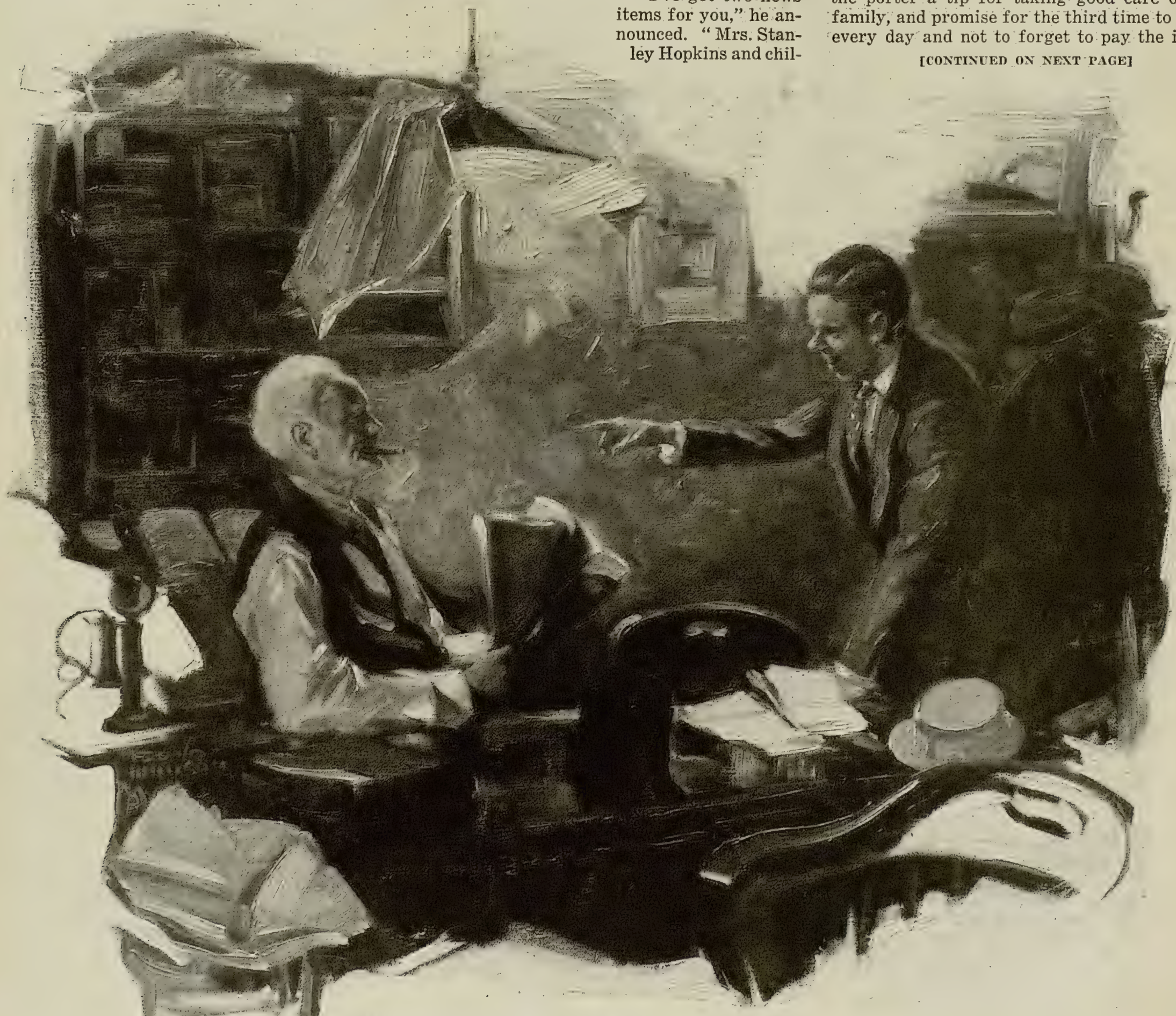


"Mr. Stanley Hopkins is now going uptown to get stewed."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

ance in August, and to be sure and call up Mrs. Jones and explain she has gone, and the train pulls out, you take a deep breath, figuratively jump into the air, and click your heels together, set your hat at a rakish angle, and dash uptown to hunt up the old gang. As a matter of fact, it isn't as good as you think it's going to be.

You meet Barney, descend upon him, and demand action. Barney appears mildly glad to see you, gives you a lukewarm welcome, and says he is dashed sorry; if he had known it he'd have arranged to stay in town, but truth is he promised the wife—etc. You feel rather sorry for Barney and go away.

Walter knows a place, and, being unmarried, welcomes you and leads you to where you can pay one dollar a drink for embalming fluid masquerading as Scotch whisky. After the fourth shot Walter and you telephone to Claire, who is sorry but is engaged; then to Charlie, who has promised to come home early and resists all entreaties. You finally round up Billy, who engages to join you in an hour, and Tom, whose wife, he gleefully informs you, has gone on a vacation.

So Walter and you wait until Tom and Billy show up, and swallow more of the varnish remover, and, a trifle bewildered, climb into a taxi and go uptown to dinner. Walter agrees to find a group to which he refers as "the gals"—and provides three ancient and blondine pelicans with hardened smiles, who make you fear their make-up will peel and fall off.

During the festivities you hear one of the blondes inquire carelessly, "Who let this old pappyguy loose?" and wonder who she is talking about. Of course, you know she cannot be referring to you, as you remember how afraid the wife was that some of these vamps would steal you while she is away.

If only a fellow could live up to his wife's idea of his ability to steal 'em, what a lot of grand larceny there would be.

DURING the dinner a fellow commences to get an uneasy feeling. The merriment and the jollity doesn't ring true, somehow. He gets an uncomfortable feeling that the dinner bill is going to be quite large, and he becomes more and more certain that he is going to pay it. He has been anxious to do that—until the suspicion that the chief reason of his being present is to pay that very same bill.

Right in the midst of the jollity one of the peroxide pelicans pulls something that makes him think of his wife and daughter—because it jars, and you realize how different they are and feel a bit ashamed.

Billy starts to break away right after dinner, and you are conscious of the fact that your protests against his going are not quite as sincere as they would have been an hour earlier. Walter declares the evening is just starting, but an hour later Tom and you excuse yourselves, and Tom says:

"Let's split the bill and duck this gang."

You are relieved and assist Tom in getting away, and, once in the taxi, Tom and you breathe a sigh of relief and tell each other that the old gang is breaking up and that prohibition has changed everything.

Tom suggests that you hunt up Jack at the old place. Going there, you find that Jack and Martin haven't been living there for a month. At eleven o'clock you catch Tom yawning and suddenly remember that you have been up since before seven. So home, to a lonely house, where you wander around from room to room, and, just as you turn off the light, find yourself saying "good-night" unconsciously.

The next day is the same, only worse. Then you get desperately resolved to have a good time. You realize, perhaps, that you have only a few weeks and then must settle down to the old grind, so you organize a poker party, provide the liquid refreshment, assemble the remnants of the old gang, and, when they commence to drop out at ten o'clock and their excuses become more and more transparent, you realize that you are bored, terribly bored; and, after they have all gone, you straighten up the rooms, and have the blues, and wonder whether it will be possible to get away Friday night and run up to spend Sunday with the folks.

By Friday night you are wandering around the city like a lost soul. You try joining on with a crowd of youngsters who are tearing up the town the way you used to do when the gang was younger. When they begin to call you "Sir" and show deference to your graying hairs you tell them tales of the good old days until they yawn, and, after a time, you feel old and out of date—and leave them to their fun, conscious that you bore them and that they weary you.

About that stage you begin to watch the calendar and figure how soon the family will be back, and after you have tried the movies and a show or two you commence going home right from the office, heaping pillows on a couch, and reading books you haven't had time to read before. You fall asleep, catch cold in the back, and write pitiful letters to the wife—which she doesn't believe.

AND when she finally returns you grab her with a big bear hug and hang around while she scolds over the dust on everything in the apartment, and tell her how miserable you have been. She doesn't believe it, because the night of the poker game one of the fellows laid his cigaret on the table and scorched the mahogany finish, and besides half the stuff that was in the decanter is gone and the cards aren't just where she left them.

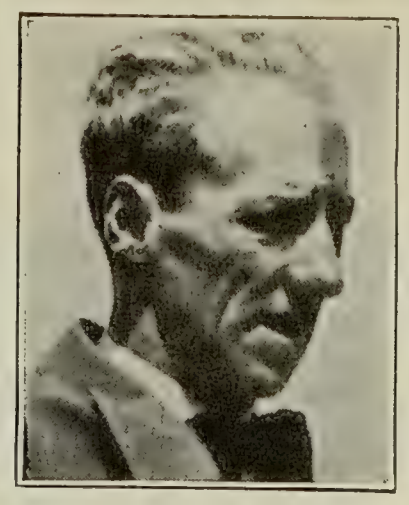
The evidence of guilt is overwhelming and the wife hints darkly that you have been having a wild time while she was away, and that more than probably you have been taking chorus girls to dinner.

Isn't that the size of it? Didn't you fellows start out and TRY to have a wild time and find that you have grown away from the members of the old crowd, and they from you, and that what amuses the youngsters has lost its appeal?

Isn't it true that your wife ought to have known that you would try to have just one more whirl at the old life; just one more taste of youth?

Come to think of it, maybe she does, and the chief end of her vacation is to return and realize that you know now (at least until another year) that you cannot live without her.

THE END



O. O. McINTYRE

You Go Too Fast

Mr. Business Man!

That's what O. O. McIntyre says, and he makes you like him for it. He's sick of the eternal demand for "pep and punch" and pleads for more leisure and for a lazier life in "Putting the Yawn Into Business." Watch for this pathetic cry from the whirlpool of work in the next issue of Liberty.

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Yes, But What Was It?

Merrill had taken part in a children's day exercise. "What did you sing?" asked his mother, when he came home. Merrill (not quite sure), replied: "O, I sang what the rest did." "And what did the rest sing?" asked his mother. "Why, they sang what I did," he added quickly.—A. R., Ottawa, Ill.

* * *

He Didn't Take Him!

Harriet didn't care much about her new baby brother, and would willingly have given him to any one who wanted him. One day the ice man came in and said: "Well, can I have baby brother?" She nodded "yes." The ice man put the ice in the box and left, whereupon Harriet came in and said, dolefully: "Mother, he didn't take him."—J. L. H., Lafayette, Ind.

Did She Get It?

My friend's small daughter had a cute way of asking for candy, which was, however, annoying to her mother, especially when they were out calling. She decided to break the tot of this habit and forbade her to ask for candy in the future under threat of a sound spanking. The next time they called to see me, the little girl looked up wistfully, and inquired in a whisper: "If I don't ask you for tandy, is you goin' to give me some?"—S. C., East Springfield, N. Y.

Pity the Poor Seeds!

My little cousin Jack, aged three, had been watching his mother planting a garden. Each bed had its seed envelope fastened on a stick, with the pictures of the vegetables printed in colors on them. One morning after a heavy rain, Jack came running into the house, crying.

"O mamma," he shouted, "the pictures have all been washed away. How will the little seeds know what to grow up into?"—F. H., Cleveland, O.

Perhaps They Didn't "Fit"

David's family is going to live at grandfather's while their new house is being built. David cannot quite see how two families are going to live together, and has said to his mother several times: "Mother, can't we go up to grandfather's house to stay all night and see if we fit in?"—J. B. M., Evanston, Ill.

* * *

Politeness Personified

Bobby had been searching diligently for his little sister, who had strayed out of the yard. On tiptoe, he rang the bell next door, and upon being told that she wasn't there, he trudged disappointedly over to the steps, then hesitated, turned around and said brightly, "Thanks, thanks, Mrs. Johnson, for telling me where she isn't."—P. M. H., Rochester, Pa.

$1,000 A WEEK FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—See Page 16

TRUB Becomes a HERO

Night, and Darkness, and Dirty Work on Foot at Gray Gables—Who Could Resist This Latest Installment of TRUB'S DIARY?

By John Taintor Foote

Picture by Robert E. Dickey

ECEMBER 1. I have a new name. It is a long name. The Molecule gave it to me. The name is Trub Trescott the ero! I got the first part by coming to Gray ables. As soon as you come here your name Trescott. Like this: Aunt Caroline Tres-tt; Robert Trescott—that's the Molecule; lorence Trescott—that's his sister, Flips; rub Trescott. Trub Trescott! Not bad, I aim.

I got the last part of the new name in a nny way. It was at night. I was all alone. was in the storeroom. I must stay in the oreroom at night until I'm house-broken. I der what house-broken means!

The way they go on about unimportant ings is ridiculous. Saki is the worst. The stairs girl is nearly as bad. Aunt Caroline perfectly silly, too.

It began the first day I was here. I was aying a new game. The game is called Slid-g Rugs. You start down the front hall. You fast. Sometimes you fall down, it's so slip-ry. When you are going as fast as you can u come to a rug. You jump on the rug. The g goes with you. You come to another rug. goes, too. You and the rugs end up at the ont door. You wait until Saki puts the rugs ck. You do it over again. That's all there to it.

It is a good game, but warm. I got thirsty. ooked for some water. I found some in the rary. It was in a glass bowl on a nd. Pink fish were sleeping in the bowl. got up on a chair and drank a lot of ter. I watched the fish. They were teresting. I wondered if I could get em out of the bowl. I paw-poked the wl. The fish woke up. They went und and round, very fast. I barked at em, to make them go faster.

Saki came in. He got excited, as usual. ulled me down from the chair.

e said, "Bad dog, veree, O my!"

I went back into the hall. I began to y Sliding Rugs again. I had to stop. u'd be surprised the way Saki acted. called Aunt Caroline. You'd be sur-sed the way she acted.

HEY put me outdoors. It was cold. I whined and scratched on the door. I de long scratches. Saki opened the r. He looked at the scratches. He excited again. He let me in. I sat vn and thought it over. I did not like e put outdoors. I came to a decision. said, "They can keep their old front l."

You'd think that would settle it, uldn't you? It didn't. I tried the liv-room. Saki put me outdoors. I tried ler the dining room table. Saki put outdoors. I went up and tried Aunt oline's room. That's where the up-irs girl comes in. She actually eamed. Well, I've done my best! I'm st glad when night comes and they e in the storeroom.

t's dark in the storeroom. Sometimes el the solitude. I felt it last night. I wished some one would come—even Saki.

The storeroom window began to open. I was surprised. I watched it. It was a man opening the window. I was glad to see him. I gave him some wags.

The man made a light. It was a round light, very bright. It made me blink. I hoped he would come into the storeroom. He did. He came in through the window. He was a nice man—very quiet. He had left his shoes at home. He gave me some pats. He said, "Nica puppa. Gooda leetle dog!"

The quiet man opened the storeroom door. I was glad. I gave him some more wags. He started to close the door right in my face. I squeezed through before he could do it. He stood at the door and pretended he wanted to give me some pats. Old stuff!

I went away from there.

I went down the hall, into the butler's pantry. The quiet man came after me. I went into the dining room. The quiet man came after me. He kept on pretending he wanted to give me pats. I wonder what kind of a boob he thought I was?

The quiet man went out into the front hall. He went to the front door. He unlocked the door. He opened it. He left it open and went back into the dining room.

The quiet man did not bother me any more. I had the whole house to myself. It was glorious! I hardly knew what to do first. I started for the kitchen to take a good smell—for once—and guess what I found: I found a pair of rubbers by the hatrack. I could hardly believe it. When it comes to chewing, a rubber is in a class by itself. Absolutely!

I'll bet the Red Chow at the Craycroft Kennels would have chewed both rubbers. Some people are like that—improvident. Not me. I chewed only one rubber. I put the other away for the future. I put it under the couch in the library.

I STARTED for the kitchen again. I thought of something. I thought it would be a good time to play with the pink fish. I did.

I got up on the chair and paw-poked the bowl. The pink fish went round and round. I put my paw in the bowl. They went even faster. I put my head in the bowl, to see better. It was a mistake. I saw that as soon as I tried to get it out again. It wouldn't come out. I tried to get off the stand. No use. Everything went, stand and bowl, and water and pink fish, and me. It was funny! And scaring, too, in a way.

Everything had been quiet and peaceful until then. Now it was all changed. Even the quiet man was changed. He came running down the hall very fast. I saw he was going to play Sliding Rugs. I ran barking to play it with him. We played it splendidly until we came to the second rug. Then the quiet man stumbled over me. He slipped and fell. I slipped and fell. We slid right through the front door into the vestibule together. So did the rugs.

The lights lighted in the hall. Saki came down the stairs. I was glad. I wanted him to put the rugs back, so the quiet man and I could play again.

The quiet man didn't wait to play. He got up and went down the front steps very fast. He didn't come back. I guess he thought Saki would get excited about the rugs.

The Molecule came downstairs. So did Aunt Caroline. So did the cook. So did the upstairs girl. Everybody got excited.

Flips came and stood on the stairs.

She said, "Can't you let a person get her sleep? Have you all gone crazy?"

Aunt Caroline said, "Burglars! Inside this house! There must have been a dozen!"

Flips said, "Burglars! O, gosh!"

Aunt Caroline said, "Florence, dear, listen. This blessed puppy attacked them and drove them off!"

The Molecule looked at me. He began to laugh.

He said, "Trub Trescott, the Hero!"

He's called me that ever since. He always laughs. I wonder why.

"Everything went, stand and bowl, and water and pink fish, and me. It was funny."

(Another installment of Trub's diverting adventures will appear soon.)

All Up in the Air!

UP — LIKE SEVEN BEAUTIFUL, ELUSIVE FAIRIES soaring skyward! And in perfect rhythm, too—every toe off the ground at once in an exquisite motion-poem! It's no wonder England is popular this summer, when a stroll along the beach brings you such treats as this. This airy scene was snapped near Littlehampton, the girls being students of the Mayfair School of Dancing.

Kadel & Herbert Photo.

"EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN," even when it comes to being tossed in a blanket. was the rule when the Wasatch Mountain Club celebrated the recent opening of Yellowstone Park for its fifty-second season! Doesn't Miss Oenone Dalley "double up" gracefully as she soars skyward?

P. & A. Photo

Making a Great City's Beaches Safe for Democracy

CALM YOURSELVES! This picture doesn't show a wholesale drowning. It's merely 87 student life guards taking a lesson in how to revive a drowning person, so they can give better protection to Chicago's public bathing beaches.

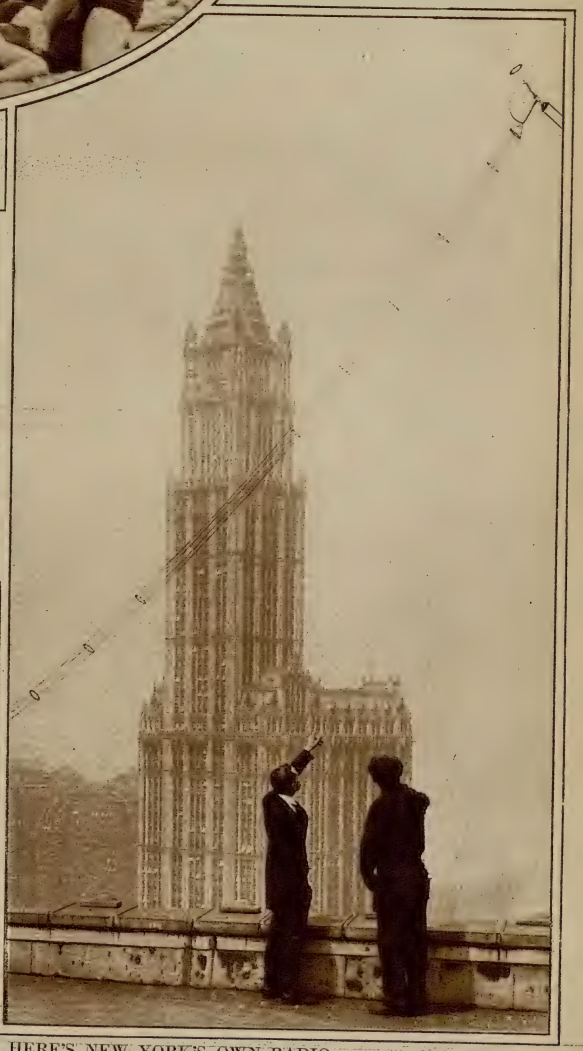
P. & A. Photo

SOMETHING NEW! If this bank messenger is held up he simply drops his treasure box and a cable drags it to the protection of the armored car and its guns. It's a Kansas City, Missouri, idea.

International Photo

TALK OF AMBITION! Lilian Gemma Harrison has traveled to England clear from Argentina to make an attempt to swim the English Channel. See that smile?

P. & A. Photo



HERE'S NEW YORK'S OWN RADIO, on top of its Municipal Building. The new station helped to broadcast the lively proceedings of the Democratic convention. The two proud New Yorkers are pointing to part of the powerful apparatus.

International Photo

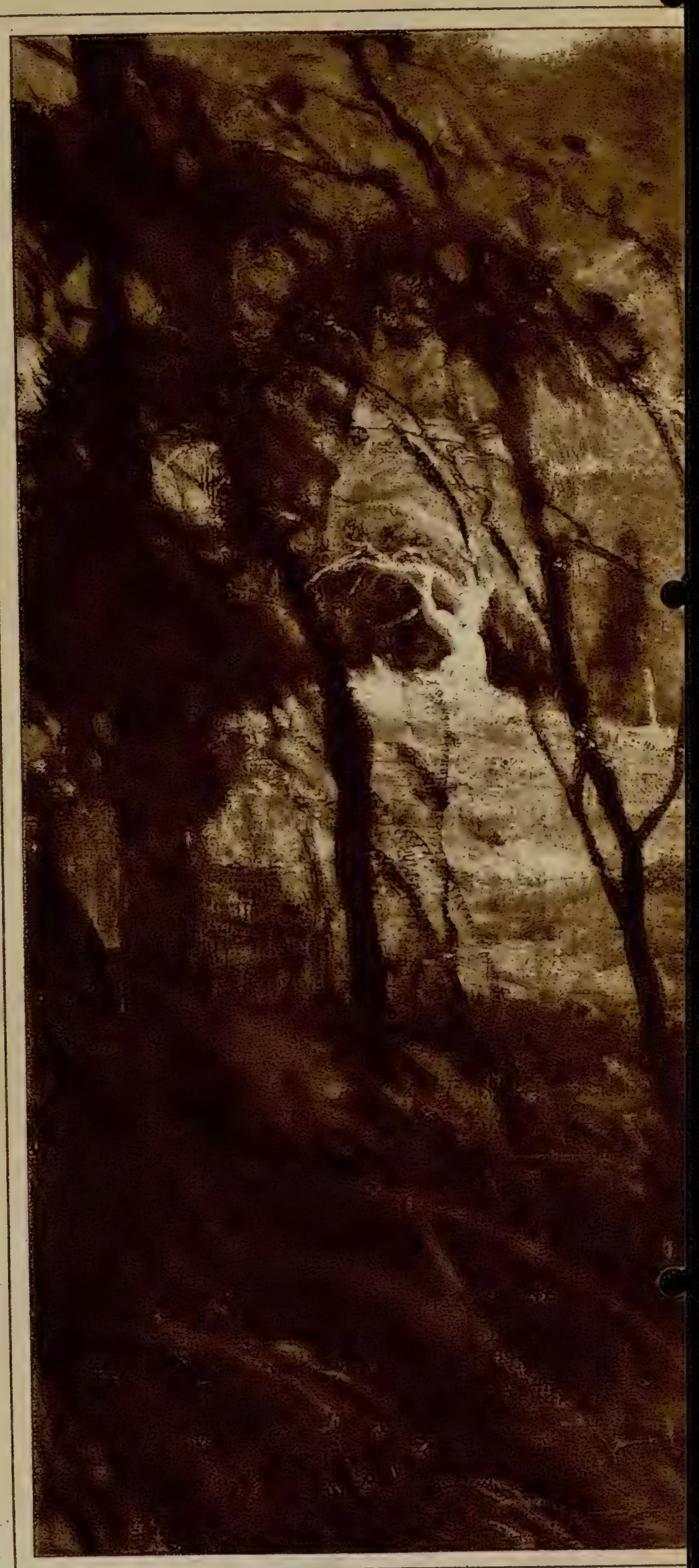
The SLIPPERS

A Real Ghost Story—One of the Kind That Carries a Shudder with It and Makes You Slam the Door—QUICK!—Behind You

By HUGH WALPOLE

The Brilliant Young English Novelist; Author of The Prelude to Adventure, The Dark Forest, The Young Enchanted, Etc., Etc.

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER



HE stood looking with bemused wonder at the body. It was impossible for him to believe that only a moment before that head had turned, that gentle old mouth timidly smiled, those mild eyes softened as they looked up at him.

What had happened? Even now it was quite impossible to grasp it. There had been those last words that the old man had spoken—"Well, of course, Charlie, if you think it better——" then the sudden falling off into sleep, the sentence still unfinished that was so characteristic of the old man's age and weakness.

There he had lain, his head on one side, his eyes closed, his mouth a little slack, a thin lock of white hair trembling over his high, bony forehead, his breast gently moving; and at that moment as young Hurst had gazed down at him there had come flooding into the room, exactly as though there had been a silently invading mob of living persons, all those thoughts of his debts to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, the thought of the constant worry of never having money enough. Not enough for Nellie, not enough for the two children; and the old man who would leave Nellie everything, who had such a lot put away in the bank, who, nevertheless, in spite of his kindness, loved the power that his hold on the money gave him.

All these thoughts had crowded about young Hurst and pushed in upon his brain as though they would squeeze it into activity so that literally he did not think at all as he bent forward, becoming, suddenly, quite another person, some enemy almost, and had placed his hand over the old man's mouth, then took his handkerchief and laid it over the whole face, pressing downwards with his hand. There was a momentary little kick of the body, a slight shifting of the sheets perhaps (only of this he never could be sure), the faintest little ghost of a sigh, and that was all.

Young Hurst raised the handkerchief, looked at the face—it was just as it had been—then hurriedly put his hand to the thin, damp nightshirt and felt that the heart was still forever. That heart should, by all the doctor's accounts, have been still many years ago—"the slightest shock," so Doctor Easter had told the old man, "will be too much for you"—that heart was silent at last.

HE could not believe as he looked down at the body that anything had happened; his impulse was to take him by the arm, shake him, and say, "Wake up, Dad, your beef tea is here," and there the beef tea was on the little table beside the bed, with the two water biscuits that always accompanied it, but it was his discovery with a sudden strange fit of shivering that whatever else happened he must not touch the body that brought him a lively consciousness that something had occurred.

Something had occurred, but not by his own agency nor wish: he had always liked the old man, liked him in those long ago days when he had fallen in love with Nellie and had come every Sunday evening to the little house in the Fulham Road; liked him with a warm beating of the heart on that afternoon when he had made his proposal for Nellie's hand; liked him for all those years the old man had lived with them; liked him only five minutes ago when he had brought his beef tea, called his cheery, "Here we are, Dad, hot a strong"; liked him now almost as if it w in retrospect; but the old man had seemed leave the house suddenly and go away o long visit.

The long fit of shuddering continued. looked about the room to see whether any else were there. Everything should surely changed, the old faded blue dressing gown sl across the end of the bed, the shabby br bedroom slippers at his feet—these should have moved, should have taken s other coloring. The h at was terrible; he w trembling to the window and opened it then, suddenly running to the door, thre

He ran, his breath coming in heaving gasps, the ound reeling under him.

back and called down the stairs, "Nellie, Nellie; come quick; he's gone!"

Then when her large, round, rosy face appeared, her eyes wide with distress, he was completely himself, saying, "I was just going to give him his beef tea, was just joking with him about the gramophone he'd ordered, when he smiled, turned his head a bit, gave a little sigh, was gone."

Nellie flung herself down on her knees beside the bed, crying, "O, father! father! . . . father dear!" He went to the telephone and called the doctor.

The thing that bothered him at first was Nellie's grief. Ever since he had married her eight years ago the one thing that had mattered to him above all else was that she should not be unhappy about anything. With her plump, jolly figure, her merry face and smiling eyes, her natural disposition to look on the bright side of everything, her humor and fun and broad-mindedness, life came to her very easily.

The births of the children had been times of agony and torture to him; he had indeed suffered far more than she, and when he could not give her something that she needed he would brood over it and call himself a failure and a brute, and it would be she who would win him back to happiness again, tell him not to worry and that she could do very well without the thing and didn't want it at all.

But now she was a new woman, some on whom he'd never known before. She was suf fering for a grief that he could not assuage He would wake in the early morning hours an know that she was crying at his side, tryin to stifle her sobs lest she should disturb him and he would put his arms around her an draw her to him, stroke her hair and whispe to her how he loved her, and not touch he at all, feel her after a while gently withdraw from him, know that she was lying awake an that he could do nothing.

He was not a very patient man; his impuls was always to clear a thing up at once, not t have it at the back of his brain, worrying an

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

disturbing him. Now he could not clear this away; there was something gone from her life, she said, she could never have again. Of course, she had known that father would die, she was lucky to have had him so long; but now, without him, without his little jokes, his gentle, almost timid smile, without the little things that she had had to do for him, life seemed empty indeed.

Of course, she would get over it all; the friends and neighbors assured him so; but he wanted her to get over it at once. It was suddenly as though he meant nothing to her at all. He did not want to think about the old man; the old man was dead and there was an end of it. He was over seventy when he died and had had a happy and successful life; he himself would not wish that they should be miserable; and to all of this Nellie nodded her head, said, "Yes, of course," but continued to grieve.

They had now, of course, no financial trouble; the old man had left even more than they had expected, and Charlie need never do another day's work in his life did he not wish. All the debts were paid, and they might move into a larger and a better house somewhere, with a garden, where they could have a dog.

This question of the move caused the first serious quarrel that they had ever had. When on other occasions they had had any dispute it had been too delightful to observe how naturally and willingly they had compromised. Now Nellie showed unexpected obstinacy. She was attached to the house; to leave it would be to abandon completely the final contact with her father.

It was exactly this, he told her, that he wished to correct; it was so bad for her that she should continue so obstinately to regret her father, the last thing that the old man himself would have wished. Once in another house they would think of him indeed with love and tenderness, but would realize that he had lived to a fine old age, was ready to die, and that death was kind in the way that it had come to him.

The trouble was that when Nellie thought of the old man Charlie thought of him, too, and he did not wish to think of him. For at least a week after the funeral he had not thought of him at all, and then quite suddenly he found himself awake at two in the morning listening to the old man coming up the stairs; the door was closed, and then he could hear quite distinctly the hesitating pit-patter, that strange tap, three steps up, and then that long pause before the next step was attempted, a pause due to his heart, perhaps.

HE had been fond of wearing about the house those old brown slippers a little too large for him. He was plagued with corns and he liked therefore to have plenty of room. It was the loose tip-tap of the slippers on the uncarpeted edge of the stairs that was connected so intimately with the old man's appearance, so that Nellie would suddenly raise her head, and, smiling, say, "There's Dad; I can hear him coming upstairs," and at once you saw, before his actual appearance, the little figure with the untidy white locks, snub nose, and the timid, friendly eyes.

Charlie jumped out of bed, went to the door, and listened. The door was shut, and in the silence of the night now he could swear that he heard no steps. He was shivering from head to foot with cold in his thin pajamas. He went back to bed, but he could not sleep lying there waiting to hear the steps again, seeing the thin gray light steal into the room like a thief, still trembling, he knew not why.

On that morning at breakfast time he was finally determined about the move. In a voice that seemed to be not at all his own, so harsh and dominating it was, he said, "You can like it or not, the thing's settled; we're going to move." She gave him a quick glance, and then, as though she herself recognized a change in him, said only, "Very well," went out of the room.

And he *was* changed; he recognized it himself. He had been always the very personification of good nature and good will, with his laughing eyes, his rosy cheeks, and his broad, fat body. He had been almost too easy going, and nothing in the world had worried him save only that he hadn't means enough and couldn't get for Nellie all the things that she ought to have.

But now, suddenly, everything seemed to upset him; he spoke to people sharply, and once struck his little boy, a thing so unlike him as to be almost incredible.

THEN one day he burst out suddenly in a passion that frightened Nellie. He was a brute and a beast; he did not know what had come to him; he would never forgive himself; he begged her to be good to him and be patient. She put her arms around him and comforted him; they had a wonderful hour, closer together perhaps than they had ever been before. He assured her that all would be well when they were established in the other house, and now her one desire was that they should move as quickly as possible; she even forgot for a time her father and thought of her husband, caring only that he should be happy again.

He was not well; she could see that. His color was poor, there were heavy lines beneath his eyes, and he who had always had the most marvelous appetite in the world now had no interest in his meals, tempt him as she might.

He had become, too, strangely absent minded. He would stop suddenly when she spoke to him; he would stop suddenly and listen, and then she would find that he had not heard anything she said. "I beg your pardon," he said, flushing. "I was listening . . ." He was sleeping badly, too. Again and again she would wake in the night and find him sitting up, leaning on an elbow as though he heard something.

Then before they left the house there was an awful scene. They had a maid of all work, Maggie, who had been with them for over a year and was a good, amiable creature much attached to her mistress. One evening they were sitting before the fire, he reading and she busy about some sewing, when suddenly he raised his head and cried out in a voice so shrill that she would have never recognized it for his had he not been there with her in the room, "What's that?"

She listened and could hear nothing. The house was all still about them, the fire crackling on the hearth, the old, moon faced clock ticking, no other sound in all the world. "Why? What?" she asked, and then was terrified at the sight of him; he, leaning forward, gripping the sides of his chair, his eyes wide with terror, his round face drawing into some quite new shape seeming sharp and pointed in the lamplight.

"Charlie, what is it?" she asked. "Was it the children? I hear nothing."

Immediately afterwards the door opened, and Maggie entered, bringing the whisky and the soda water, the glass of hot milk that Nellie always had before she went to bed. Before Maggie had taken three steps forward he had sprung to his feet and burst out, "How dare you, how dare you; you're doing it to torment me," and then some incoherent words.

The maid was so astonished at his aspect, at the shrill note of his voice, at the words that he used, that she almost dropped the tray, saved it by putting it down hurriedly on the table nearest to her, and then gazed at both her master and mistress in dismay. "Get out, get out, get out!" he screamed, and, turning, she almost ran from the room.

He tried then to pull himself together, staring about him as though he were waking from a dream, then slowly sank back into his chair. She came over to him, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, Charlie?" she asked. "What is it, dear; tell me." She saw that he was shaking all over.

"What is it?" he answered her fiercely. "What does she mean by wearing shoes like that, making that racket all over the house? Couldn't you hear her?"

"Shoes?" Nellie repeated, bewildered, and then she remembered that only the day before Maggie had come wearing some new slippers of which she had complained that they were too loose and she must stuff some paper into the toes; but how had he noticed that and why had they disturbed him?

"She must go, do you hear?" he went on. "Tomorrow morning, at once; she mustn't stay another day." He was so terribly excited that to pacify him she said "Yes," thinking that in the morning he would have forgotten; but next day he insisted, saying that he could not bear to set eyes on the girl, and Maggie departed with many tears.

THE new house was at Surbiton and seemed to be exactly what they wanted. It had a little garden with a fruit tree at the back, a small plot of grass in front, and the rooms had a nice unexpectedness, bulging suddenly here, thinning suddenly there in a way that one would never expect. It had an apple green color about it, too, that was charming. That green was always popping up unexpectedly, here in the wall paper, there in a view of the grass plot out of the dining room window.

Charlie was happy; he liked the green color, the quaintly shaped walls, the sense of freedom. It was true that their house was only one of a row, and that there were too many windows, but he soon found that if he sat under the fruit tree in the garden the old wall of pink brick hid you from the observation of any prying windows save just those of their own house.

He pushed everything from his mind very much as you turn useless lumber out of an untidy room. "I won't think of this and this and this," he said, and thought of his mind as though it were a house into which tiresome persons were always trying to press their entry. He would think of nothing but pleasant and easy and happy things.

Autumn came and the leaves began to fall, and in their soft whirling descent was this same hint of some one furtive and secret. On a windy day the leaves on the path outside the house would rise and whirl in mid-air, then sift along the pavement as though they were whispering, and when he went out walking and some one was behind him the path would be thickly carpeted with dead leaves and then clear again so that the steps behind him would suddenly sound out as though they had come from nowhere. But he would not think of these things; he kept them all back, thrusting them off.

It was true that he was not so well as he had been before his father-in-law's death, his

color was not so good, his body not so firm, he did not sleep so well; but he was all right, there was nothing the matter with him, nothing at all, that is, until old Mr. Beard came on the scene.

MR. BEARD was an amiable old gentleman, hale and hearty, stout and stomachy, full of laughter and fun, nothing furtive about him. His step rang roundly on the pavement, his loud voice could be heard calling out cheerily long before he made his appearance. He was a widower and lived farther down the road. He had met them at somebody's house, had taken a liking to Nellie (as indeed did every one—who could help it?), had come to see them, adored the two children, and then was always stamping round with sweets in his pockets and railway trains in his overcoat.

Nellie loved him and so did Charlie at first, but suddenly one evening as they were all sitting together after supper he turned round and in his roaring, hearty way demanded of Charlie, "what he was thinking about?"

"What am I thinking about?" repeated Charlie.

"Yes, you're always thinking of something," said the old man. "You've got something on your mind," and then with a laugh, to Nellie, "he's broken into the till somewhere or committed a murder, that's what it is."

Instantly Charlie was on his feet, his face twisted with rage, his hands shaking.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "That's a nice thing to say to a man. What do you mean? Some jokes can go too far. You'd better be careful. I've been watching you coming round prying here, sticking your nose into things that don't belong to you. I suppose you've got nothing better to do."

There was no more astonished man in the world at that moment than poor old Mr. Beard.

She came over to him, putting her hand on his shoulder.

He said what he might, apologized, tried to talk of other things, but it was of no use; he said good night to them and went, and Charlie made it plain to him next time they met that their friendship was over. Nellie protested, but, seeing Charlie's wrath, said no more. The old man should never cross their door again.

NO use any more to keep things out of his mind. He saw enemies and spies in every direction. He would come home in the evening declaring that people were following him, were spying upon him, were asking him impertinent questions, but he did not tell Nellie what was the chief trouble. Everywhere now he heard steps; the moment that he entered a room and closed the door some one was coming along the passage or creeping up the stairs. The only hope was to have the door wide open and sit where he could see the passage or the staircase, and even then from somewhere else, in a room beyond or on the floor above, you could hear those steps, some one in loose slippers tip-tapping, tip-tapping about.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

MOTHER:– Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

SOME years ago, a manufacturer of breakfast food, whose sales now run over a million packages a day, was selling thirty-five packages a day! He decided to spend a third of his working capital for advertising. His sales jumped from thirty-five packages a day to a thousand a day. He's been advertising ever since—and now sells more than a million a day, having doubled the size of the package, improved the quality of the breakfast food and *cut the price in half!*

This is just one instance of what national advertising has done. It gives volume sales to business. It gives better quality and lower price to the consumer.

The publishers of Liberty recognize the importance of advertising. They know that it has raised America's standard of living. The more we can do to make national advertising effective the better for all of us. Therefore in Liberty, advertisements have been given a new and more conspicuous place.

This is one of Liberty's points of difference! It is not built to imitate any other publication. It has a personality of its own!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

What he had to do now was at all costs to keep back his vision of a physical presence, not to connect those steps with any living, moving person. Did he let his brain move forward an inch he would see . . . what would he see? Whom would he see? Not an old man who had lain there so peacefully in the bed, his head on one side, his eyes closed, his body so small and so still beneath the bed clothes; nor the old man with his gentle smile, his blue trousers a little too tight, his friendly voice.

These two old men were gone, never to return, but there was a third like them and yet not like them. This third was the figure whom Charlie must never meet. This third wanted to meet him, and would creep from house to house close at hand, being first in one, then in another, peeping first from one window, then, when he thought he was discovered, tip-tapping to another, venturing even into the house itself, slipping through the hall door when he thought that nobody was looking, almost appearing and then suddenly slipping out again, creeping away across the whispering leaves.

IT came to Charlie then that if there were not so many houses on every side of them this old man would not have so many chances, were there not so many houses there would not be so many people wearing so many slippers and therefore hiding with their furtive steps That Other; were there not so many houses there would not be so many windows, so many staircases, so many doors.

On a cold and wintery evening when heavy gray clouds were blowing like smoke across a thin, starless sky, when every one, with coat collars up, was hurrying home to their fires and their shelter, Charlie, hastening down his street from the station, heard unmistakably behind him the tip-tap of the old man.

"I'll catch him," he suddenly resolved; "catch him and throttle him and put an end to this forever."

He stopped suddenly, standing in a dark doorway, and waited. No one passed, at least no one of whom he could be sure. Shadows fluttered by on every side, the wall of the house opposite was a dark background to endless shapes and forms, the sky was full of shadows, but the old man never came.

Then Charlie hurried home and, catching Nellie by the shoulder, leaned toward her and whispered in her ear, "We're going to leave this, do you hear? We're going somewhere where there are no houses. You leave it to me, I'll put it right; I'll beat him yet."

She looked at him with terror in her eyes, but only nodded, saying, "Yes, yes, Charlie, it'll be all right, dear; we'll go wherever you wish."

They moved into the very heart of Sussex. Their little house was a dream, high up on the ridge of the Downs, a little wood at the back of it, the sea far away on their right, below them a little stream in the valley licking like a silver tongue the green pasture; space, open, free, abounding space on every side of them. One could see for miles and miles, see every one approaching, every one departing; no place for any one to conceal himself save, perchance, in the little wood.

IT was an old little house with heavy oak beams and uneven floors, a little rickety perhaps; when the wind blew fiercely the stairs creaked and windows rattled and all the trees in the little wood creaked out their noisy confidences, but it was the space that Charlie liked, no houses here, no windows looking down upon this, nothing but the pale honey colored shoulder of the Downs, the thin horizon of sea and the green valley. He was better, he seemed a changed man; but for Nellie now terror could not depart.

In Surbiton old Doctor Lane, their family friend, had come on several occasions into the house and surreptitiously considered Charlie's case. He had given him no hint, of course, that he was so considering it, and Charlie had suspected nothing, but old Doctor Lane had shaken his head and said that something was on Charlie's mind. Had Nellie no idea of what it might be? No, Nellie could not think. It had begun, it seemed to her, after her father's death, but that surely could have had nothing to do with it. Charlie had been fond of the old man, but not so fond as to be made ill by his decease.

"Find out from him," said the old doctor, "what it is, and without letting him know that you are finding out; he is in some trouble; the thing is mental, not physical at all."

For a month after the removal into Sussex Charlie seemed to be his old self. He moved gaily about the house, putting something up here, taking something down there. It was warm autumn weather, a lovely October, and the trees in the little wood were golden brown and the whole arc of sky like a shield of faint blue smoky glass.

Then suddenly with November winter came. It was a year now since that other winter in Surbiton; it was as though the leaves had followed them, the same leaves, faded, yellow and dead, tossing in mad dance up and down the paths. There was always a wind now; boughs tapped against the windows and the rain hissed upon the panes.

Then, on a certain evening of

storm, the crisis came. Charlie, reading beside the fire, his head bent low over the book, sud denly looked up. The Old Man had found the house; he was outside peering through the window, trying to see beyond the curtains into the firelit room. He had found the house; their move from Surbiton had bothered him; he had been looking for them everywhere.

Charlie could see him slipping from place to place, approaching people and asking them questions; this shy, modest old man with his devilish plan in his head, never still, never satisfied until his purpose was fulfilled. Now that he had found the house he would wait for his opportunity; he was not one to be beaten. O, he was patient, that little man with the patience of the devil. The thing to be done was to keep him out of the house until some plan had been found, but what it would mean! It would mean sitting up all night, watching, watching, watching, listening for every sound, and especially for that pitter-patter of the slippers that always announced his coming. How wet he must be out there in the night; how muddy and damp his feet, wearing only those old brown slippers; that at least was pleasant to think about.

HE went up to bed with Nellie, undressed and lay down beside her, and at last, when he was sure that she slept, put on some clothes, crept down to the cold and deserted hall where the fire in the old stone fireplace had died down to gleaming coal and gray shadowed ash, and there he sat facing the door, his eyes unblinking, unmoving, his body rigid save once and again for a faint trembling of the limbs, keeping guard, and just outside—O, he could see him without a shadow of doubt, his head on one side—was the old man.

The rain slashed the panes, the house was full of groans and sighs and whispers, and it was difficult, indeed, through the wall to hear when the old man moved; but Charlie was sure that once and again there was that pitter-patter of the little feet as he moved from the window to the door and then from the door to the window again.

THEN came to him suddenly this idea. Why not end it once and for all? Why not creep very slowly to the door, open it noiselessly, and then, while the old man was staring at the window, steal up beside him, put his hands around his old withered neck and squeeze and squeeze until there was no life left, then drag the thing through the little wood, pitch it down into the depths of the old chalk pit on the farther edge of the hill?

He rose, he stood listening; then on tiptoe he crept to the door. He opened it very gently and looked out. A gust of rain met him, the wind blew about him; he stepped forward, closing the door behind him. He stood listening; then, turning to the window his body that shook suddenly as though with an awful chill, he looked.

The old man was not there; he had heard him coming and had run into the wood. There he was, hiding in the trees. Charlie crept across the little garden, out on to the sodden path and then into the wood. Here, suddenly, terror seized him, terror ungovernable, beyond all human control. The wood was so dark, the trees clustered together, rattling their branches, sighing and groaning in the wind; and always, just out of sight, just beyond the capture of his staring eyes, the little man stayed.

He must get out of that wood; he turned, but could not find an exit; he beat against the trees, his clothes now soaked with rain; he began to cry out, "Leave me alone, leave me alone, I didn't mean any harm"; and then, seeing a clearing in front of him, ran, turning into the open down. The sky was breaking above him and a full moon, watery and dim, threw a pale milky shadow across the wide expanse of hill.

He ran he knew not whither. After him he could hear the steps, tap, tap, tap, tap. He ran, his breath coming in heaving gasps, the ground reeling under him, and as he went he could see every movement of the man behind him, the little figure, unbeaten, undeterred, moving with incredible speed in those clumsy slippers across the rough, soaked surface of the plain. He was gaining upon him; however fast Charlie ran the little man was faster; he could even hear the sharp, steady breathing, could see the relentless purpose in those small, unfaltering eyes.

His body was betraying him, his knees trembled, threatening to throw him to the ground, his heart was pumping, beating so furiously in his head that it blinded his eyes. He staggered and almost fell, paused for a moment, lifting his face with an agonized appeal for help to the sky. That pause was enough; he was beaten, he could feel those cold fingers of his relentless enemy close about his neck, the old wiry body pressing up against his own.

With a cry of desperate terror he tore himself free. The chalk pit was before him, and, flinging out his arms, he rushed forward and then, with a wild laugh of triumph at his escape, hurled downward into space.

The hill was quiet, the storm had for a moment died; the moon, coming out more clearly, showed a vast space empty of all human beings, white like chalk. At that same moment, roused perhaps by the sudden cessation of the storm, Nellie woke, found that Charlie was not beside her, rose, fear in her heart, ran down the staircase into the empty hall, crying "Charlie! Charlie!"

In another moment the whole house was roused.

THE END

MAKE A *NOTE* OF IT!

A Timely and Important Discourse on the Fine Art of Jotting Down the Things You Wish to Remember and Then Forgetting Them

By SEAMUS DILLON

TWICE a week Mrs. Limmus telephones the tailor who, taking the hint, hurries to the Limmus flat and carries off Mr. Limmus' other suit which, after pressing, he returns, that Mr. Limmus may be able to knock 'em dead with a neat appearance.

Twice a week, therefore, Mrs. Limmus empties the pockets of the Limmus coat, vest, and pants. Time was when she unceremoniously disposed of the débris thus come by, but once she destroyed a lucky raffle ticket which, had it been available, would have netted the family a player piano.

That taught her a severe lesson although Mr. Limmus, whose soul is not æolian, was disposed to laugh the matter off, not having the courage to give the three rousing cheers which welled to his throat when he learned that the piano would have been his had he not lost the ticket.

So Mrs. Limmus saves everything disgorged by her bread winner's pockets and sits near him that evening while he sorts them.

"Le's see," sighs Mr. Limmus, "this reads 'Thurs. 2 Henry lunch.' Great grief, I forgot all about that. Was to have lunch with Henry Hulk on Thursday. Made a note of it on purpose. Gosh! This one says something about Napoleon, 'Napoleon like Edgar ask more.' Darn if I can remember what that was about. 'Sawful the way my memory's getting. Here I go making notes of things and can't remember what they're about."

"You even forgot that you'd made the note," observed Mrs. Limmus, determined that nothing should be lost.

"It's a great system, this jotting down things on paper and putting it in your pocket," said Mr. Limmus scrutinizing one which bore "meeting club Monday." "Good Lord, I wanted to be at that meeting. Clean forgot it. Gosh!"

"Why didn't you make a note of it?" asks Mrs. Limmus.

"Here's one," continues Mr. Limmus, "about pencils or something; O, yes, it's something about pencils, I remember. Wonder what this one's for? Tickets? That's all it says. Lemme see; tickets. Lemme think. H'm. Well, it don't matter. Guess it's too late now. And there's one — O, gosh. The boss asked me to get him up a list of mitten manufacturers and just to be sure I wouldn't forget it I made a note of it. I'll have to get me a notebook or something."

"Better make a note of getting a new job," said Mrs. Limmus.

"No, it's all right. Boss don't want the list until tomorrow or next day, I forget which."

"You ought to have made a note of it," said Mrs. Limmus pleasantly.

This goes on and on and nothing of any consequence happens except that Mr. Limmus makes a note of remembering to buy a notebook or something. He jots it down on a piece of paper and slips it into his hip pocket. The next morning he puts on his other suit.

Of course you don't have to buy a notebook. This is not propaganda for the blank book manufacturers. It is nothing but the result of the finding, by the writer, of a note made two months ago.

"Be sure write something about memory-joggers tomorrow. Editor getting sore at delay."

That's what the note said.

There is a lot of us like that, isn't there?

THE END

TINKER *to* EVERS *to* CHANCE

The MOST COLORFUL

BALL CLUB *of* All Time

Here Is a Story Par Excellence for Baseball Fans—Reminiscences of the Famous Chicago Cubs Between 1906 and 1910. This Was the Club of Sixteen Players Which Won Four National League Pennants, Two World Championships, and Broke the Record of the Major Leagues in Number of Games Won.

By HUGH FULLERTON

ENTER the claim any baseball club is the greatest that ever wore spiked shoes and you invite argument, which, in the nature of the baseball fan, may terminate in fisticuffs. The Baltimore Orioles, in the days of Keeler, Jennings, McGraw, and Robinson; the old Boston club, in the days of Long, Lowe, Collins, and Tenney, with Young and Nichols pitching; the old time St. Louis Browns, with Comiskey, Latham, O'Neill; Anson's famous old White Stockings, with Anson, Pfeffer, Williamson, Burns and Kelly; the Athletics, in the days of Collins, Barry, Baker, Coombs, and Bender and Plank, and the now shame dimmed Chicago White Sox, all will have their backers.

Avoiding the word "greatest" (although in my opinion they were, because they were the smartest), the Chicago Cubs under Frank Chance during the National League campaigns from 1906 to 1910 composed the most colorful and interesting baseball club of all time, and, considered aside from ability to play baseball, one of the most intelligent, amusing, and surprising groups of ball players ever assembled.

The sixteen who carried the brunt of the years of hard campaigning were Chance,

BASEBALL'S SAD LEXICON

These are the saddest of possible words:
"Tinker to Evers to Chance."
Trio of bear Cubs, and fleeter than birds,
Tinker and Evers and Chance.
Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,
Making a Giant hit into a double—
Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble:
"Tinker to Evers to Chance."

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, *In Other Words.*

Evers, Tinker, Steinfeldt, and Zimmerman on the infield, Slagle, Sheckard, Schulte, and Hofman in the outfield, Brown, Overall, Reulbach, and Pfiester pitchers, and Kling, Archer, and Moran catchers. There were others who came and went, including Howard, "King" Cole, Kroh, Chick Fraser, "Doc" Casey, and Andy Coakley, but the sixteen mentioned furnished most of the life and color of the team.

I'm afraid this is not a story with a moral, because these boys (did you ever think these players we regard as hardened men and scold for the slightest mistakes are little more than schoolboys of a larger growth?) were intensely human. They gambled, drank, smoked, cut up, and violated most training rules.

Usually Manager Frank Chance sat in with them in poker games. If they got too strong or played for too large stakes he used to turn on me and say, "You—you and thatdamnneedham (he always spoke of Tom Needham as though thatdamnneedham was one word), startin' that poker again."

Chance evolved a plan by which we had freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior poker, with the limit ten cents, twenty-five, fifty, and one dollar—and he, "Brownie," Tinker, Overall, Needham, and I composed the senior class.

THE personalities of those boys who made the team famous is worth preserving. Chance, the "Peerless Leader," had been my chum from the day he came—a raw, bow-

legged, earnest boy—from California. He was one of those strong, honest, blunt fellows who blurted out the truth, and was as frank as was his name. We constantly were forced to protect him when his straightforward speaking might have caused trouble — and he didn't care.

Chance was so earnest and so intent upon his work and his team that it was not uncommon to see him standing with tears streaming down his face, fighting his battles. When he got mad he cried without knowing it. He was as gentle and as forgiving as a woman if any one acknowledged wrongdoing, but a terror to evildoers, and he fought for his men against owners, against critics, against the public, and the umpires—and he could whip any one of them and was willing to do so if necessary.

Evers was one of the queerest fellows on the team; a wonderful little fellow, with a brain which acts like a flash; thoughtful, a bundle of tense nerves, and a disposition which at that time would make a crab seem like an optimist.

Evers was one of the freaks of baseball who made good from the start, without much experience. He had played half a season with Troy when George Huff went to hunt a pitcher. Huff was watching a pitcher at Troy when he received a telegram from the Chicago club saying Link Lowe had broken a leg and a second baseman was needed at once. Huff purchased Evers and sent him to Chicago.

Evers then weighed about one hundred and two pounds and was young—not yet nineteen. He was so small he almost got lost in the team, but he jumped into the shoes of the man known as the king of second basemen, played twenty-two games to the end of the season without an error, and batted three hundred.

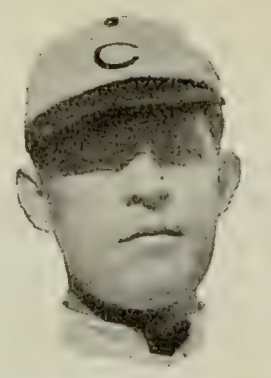
JOHNNY KLING

Joe Tinker, shortstop, was of the fighting, aggressive, thinking type. As a poor boy he had known want and poverty, and he learned the value of money. Joe never wasted money, saying his children never should go through what he had, and, of course, among the club's loose spenders he was not very popular. Also, in his way, Tinker had as fiery a temper as Evers, and it was natural they should clash. In fact, they clashed continually.

The crowds that watched them play perfect team ball, exchange signals, with never a mistake, would have been astounded to know that for nearly three years the two players did not speak to each other and were bitter enemies. Later in their careers, as they grew older, Tinker and Evers laughed over the feud and became the best of friends, but in the fighting days of the Cub machine their enmity, starting over a play in a fiercely fought game, was very real and very earnest.

HEINE ZIMMERMAN

Steinfeldt, whose coming to the Cubs as successor to "Doc" Casey, who had grown heavy, made the team a pennant winner; was a strong, rather quiet and low voiced fellow who was one of the greatest third basemen. His career began in Texas, and whenever he could get any one to listen he talked and boosted Texas, holding to the opinion that



HARRY STEINFELDT

but for the Texans Mexico would have annexed the United States.

"Steiny" was succeeded by "Heine" Zimmerman, who had been with the team as what he called "ootility" man and had furnished many laughs to lighten the serious season. Heine, also known as "Big City" because he came from what he called "the Bronnix," was wonderfully developed, good natured, easy going, and with the ingenuous mind of an untrained boy of twelve. Careless, irresponsible, obliging, he was an odd mixture of smartness and ignorance and good nature. He was chiefly reckless and careless, and he never stopped to think about consequences. In a swarm of smart, clever players he furnished the relief and he always was in trouble.

Heine pulled more "boners" than any one else on the club, both on and off the field, and, no matter how mad Chance or others got at him, they always laughed in the end. After he went to New York Heine was chased out of baseball on suspicion of being mixed up with crooked work — and a complete investigation would have shown that his chief guilt was in carrying a message he did not understand and blurting it out before the players.

ARTIE HOFMAN

"The Nut Outfield"—Sheckard, Hofman, and Schulte — was perhaps the greatest trio ever assembled on one team. Hofman, who had been utility man and able to play any position, finally got a steady berth in center field while "Rabbit" Slagle, a quiet, smart, speedy little fellow, was benched because his arm had weakened.

Sheckard, in left, was a genius, humorous, a great player, a "nut," and superstitious. I remember one time "Sheck," who was one of the best judges of where batters would hit that ever lived, had a streak of miscalling the turn. When he played in one place the batter hit somewhere else. For days this went on. Sheckard fretted. Then one day I saw him at the end of an inning whirl around and around half a dozen times and let a glove fly. I inquired and he explained that he had been wrong so often in guessing batters that he was leaving it to luck and playing wherever the glove fell.

FRANK SCHULTE

The next day Fred Clarke made what seemed a sure base hit, looping the ball just over third base, with Sheckard standing right under it—a hundred feet from where he should have played for Clarke. He had changed his luck.

Hofman, a lanky, long-legged, speedy fellow, covered a world of ground, and Schulte, a quiet, droll boy with a York State twang, was one of the finest outfielders the game ever knew, a great hitter, and, while he appeared indifferent, one of the most willing players. Nothing seemed to excite him. In the famous twenty inning game in which Reulbach defeated Sparks by the score of 1 to 0 it was Schulte whose home run won the game. As he jogged around

JACK PFIESTER

the bases the Cubs wildly rushed toward the plate to greet him, beating him on the back and hugging him, Schulte said:

"I told 'Doc' if he kept on he'd throw one where I was swinging."

One evening some of the youngsters were kicking on the hard work and Schulte remarked:

"I've got the softest job on the team. I hear Hofman say 'I got it' and Evers yell 'I got it, I got it,' and all Frank has to do is to say 'Take it.'"

MORDECAI BROWN

JIMMY ARCHER

A teacher of etiquette was Schulte. One spring we took a youngster on the training trip whose early training seemed to have been neglected and Schulte undertook to teach him. One day at lunch the youngster was attending to a hod full of mashed potatoes and using his knife like a shovel. Schulte watched him for a moment and then drawled:

"What are you doing, old pal, learning to plaster?"

That trio, with "Lurid Lou" Ritchie and Zimmerman, furnished the comedy and the high reliefs of the team. Ritchie was a funny fellow and quite a pitcher, especially against the New York Giants. He had picked up somewhere a lot of nursery jingles and kindergarten games and to see him seriously leading Sheckard, Hofman, Schulte, and Zim around a room or the clubhouse singing London Bridge or Happy Is the Miller When the Mill Goes 'Round, or some other kindergarten or Mother Goose rhyme, was funny enough for vaudeville.

JIMMY SHECKARD

Ritchie, Sheckard, Schulte, and Hofman, with Ring Lardner and Zimmerman as substitutes, constituted the quartet—and when they got a sextet and sang grand opera selections it was worth while.

One of the most interesting nights I ever spent was with them. We were coming down from Boston. Half the team was to stop at New Haven overnight to play an exhibition game at Waterbury on Sunday and a wild spirit filled the team.

The sextet was in the smoking room with Ritchie leading. They were practicing on Casey Jones, with Ritchie as musical director. No comic opera burlesque on a barber shop choir ever was as funny.

Chance laughed until he rolled on the floor holding his sides and all was happy. But on Monday and Tuesday the team lost and Chance got an idea that the song Casey Jones had jinxed the team. Every time the crowd sang Casey Jones the team lost, and finally Chance forbade the song and threatened to fine any one who sang it.

PAT MORAN

A week or so later the Cubs lost a heart-breaking game at Philadelphia. The fellows were bitter, grouchy, fighting mad at fate and at each other. Chance was clucking and shaking his head as was his custom. It meant a fight to look at any one, much less speak.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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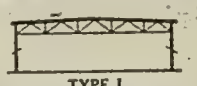

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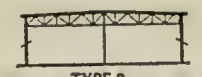

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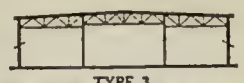

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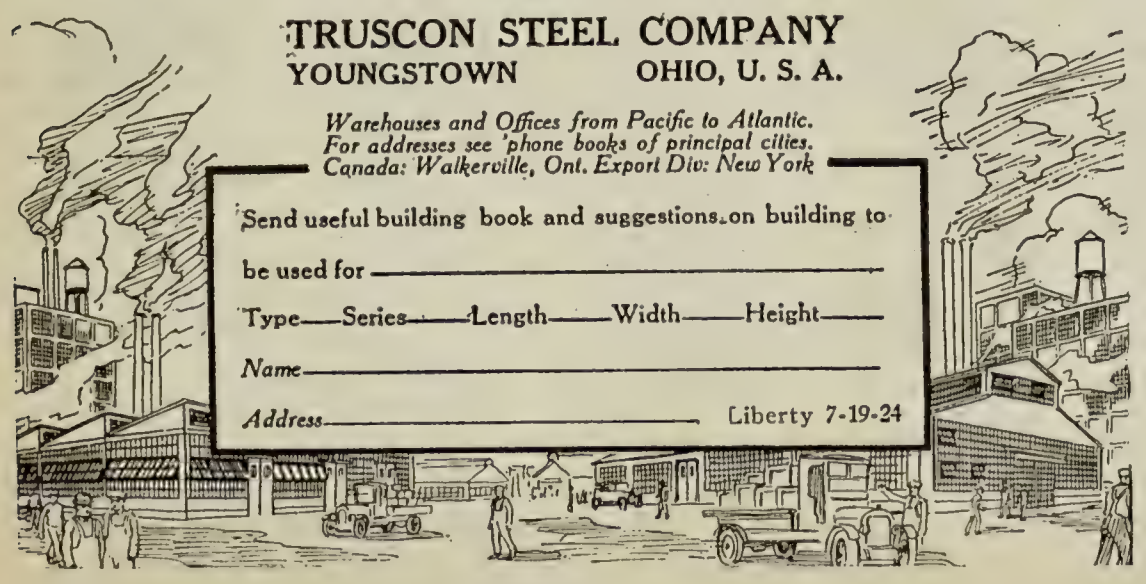

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Not a word was spoken. Every one was looking at the floor in gloom.

Suddenly, on the sidewalk, a hand organ started playing Casey Jones. I grinned and glanced at Sheckard and Sheck began laughing. Chance glared, gathered himself to jump, glowered an instant, then caught the tune, and, realizing the cause of the outburst, grinned. Hofman, seeing the danger past, lifted his voice and sang, and the others joined in, and, defying the jinx, the team landed at the hotel bawling Casey Jones at the top of their voices.

It may have been only coincidence, but that night we were hopeless, five games behind and ten days more of the season to go. The next day the Cubs won two, New York dropped a double header, and we were in the race again and finally tied the Giants and won the championship.

The catchers — Kling, Archer, and Moran—were three great men, each of a different type. Pat Moran, whose death last spring shocked baseball, was of the thoughtful, studious type, not a great catcher, but magnificent in directing play and pitching. He knew more about batters than any one else on the team save Chance, and he could tell better even than Chance whether a pitcher was going well. Archer was the quiet, fighting kind, a snap thrower with great courage and nerve; and Kling perhaps the most perfect and finished catcher baseball ever has known. Kling was a master artist at "conning" umpires while the other players were fighting them. By quiet talk he could get more decisions than the kickers ever did, and he talked quietly to batters and with marked effect.

OF the large number of pitchers with the team during its winning career, Reulbach, Brown, Overall, and Pfiester were the regulars. Reulbach, a handsome, physically remarkable fellow, had been a college star. He had a ten-year-old's sense of humor, a good education, and as much speed as any one ever had. In spite of the fact that for three seasons he was the leading pitcher of the league and his record was astounding, he was never rated among the players as highly as were others. He was charged with wildness, and at times his erratic speed was the despair of the team. He would lose control and give base after base on balls. After he retired and became an employment expert Ed gave me the laugh one day.

"Never knew why I was wild, did you?" he asked, laughing. "Well, I fooled them all for five years."

Then he explained. One eye was almost entirely blind. The other would weaken or dim with perspiration, and he did not know where he was pitching. Often he had Kling whiten the inside of his mitt and hold it as a mark at which to throw—but while he was in baseball he alone knew that his eyesight was the trouble.

MORDECAI BROWN, the real star of the pitchers, was a remarkable man. An extremely poor boy, without a chance to go to school, he was a breaker boy in a coal mine. He suffered an accident by which his right hand was mutilated and two fingers were amputated. Appointed by the union as checker and weigher when he was fourteen, Brown learned to read and keep figures until he could keep the miners' records of weights and money.

Brown became a pitcher, threw his arm out trying to win for St. Louis, and with a bad arm and in condition when most players would have quit, he joined Chicago. Hard work and patient training brought the arm back, and by sheer nerve and courage Brown became the greatest pitcher of his day.

Besides pitching, Brown was the balance wheel of the team, the one who was friendly to all and whose advice settled disputes and quarrels, restored broken friendships, and prevented trouble. He was a wonderful man and one of the finest characters sport ever developed. Brownie still is active at Terre Haute, Indiana.

Overall, a college man, huge, good natured, easy going, was beloved by every one, and, until he snapped his arm in a moment of carelessness in a game at Boston, was one of the great curve ball pitchers. Pfiester, the winning left-hander, was a solemn appearing, almost sad looking boy, but with a wealth of fun and a keen sense of humor.

Occasionally Chance put through drastic reforms in the drinking line when some one overdid it, which was not infrequent. While I am satisfied that drinking had a big part in the final collapse of the great team, I cannot figure any particular series which it affected directly. In fact, the second Detroit world's series training started with a case of champagne. But that was a crowded series. The champagne was to celebrate beating the Giants in the playoff of the tie for the National League pennant, and it was a mere incident that the world's series started before the celebration ended.

Not one character like another; gathered from all parts of the country; fighting each other in their determination to win, but fighting for each other loyally against any outsider—it is small wonder that the Cubs were great as a team. They had brains, ambition, character, and a sense of humor which saved them and held the team intact for years. They added something to the game they played, and to the honor of sport.

THE END

SEX *and* BUSINESS

A Revealing Special Article

By BEATRICE BARMBY

It is difficult to be severe with a girl in tears.

Picture by ROBERT G. JONES

WOMAN IS LESS INTERESTED IN HER JOB THAN MAN BECAUSE SHE HOPES TO GET MARRIED.

A PREJUDICE against women in business? With more than a quarter of a million of them in New York City alone, and the number throughout the country growing steadily! I should say not! That was my attitude when I began my quest. And now that I have finished, I have to make a frank confession.

There is a prejudice! Sometimes it has been expressed in a tolerant and chivalrous manner, sometimes in a way which has been almost bitter. Sometimes it has been admitted by men and sometimes by women, and only once did I find an attitude which scoffed at its mere possibility.

Why is there this prejudice? Speaking generally, and frankly, it seemed to amount to this:

That woman isn't on her job when she's wanted!

That when she is on her job, she's a source of friction!

A fairly comprehensive arraignment, one must admit! One which, moreover, covered a whole catalogue of reasons why woman did not measure up to the ideal business standard.

More particularly I found that such reasons fell naturally under two main headings, and here they are, in the order of the importance attributed thereto:

1. *WOMAN IS A LESS STABLE UNIT THAN MAN.*

She is less interested in her job, for she hopes to get married.

She is less robust physically and loses more time.

She gets married and gives up her job.

She gets married and doesn't give up her job—and the job suffers.

2. *WOMAN IS WOMAN.*

She creates friction:

By using her sex as an influence.

By an overbearing and complacent manner when she attains efficiency.

By her capacity for gossip and scandal.

By her greater sensitiveness to personalities.

Let us, for our profit, consider these various reasons suggested as grounds for prejudice and see whether they are well-founded.

THAT this attitude is prevalent in youthful and more or less inexperienced woman labor is an opinion very generally expressed.

The girl clerk watches the clock. On Saturday at one, she stops work with the firm conviction that there is nothing more important in her young life than the matinée to which she is going. If she is asked to work late, she is sulky and indifferent. The boy clerk, on the other hand, has his future to consider. He may be quite as indignant that the exigencies of business interfere with his ball game, but he hides his indignation. He can't afford to show it! For *he* has no hope of finding any one who will keep him for the rest of his life. That little job is up to him. It makes a difference in the point of view!

No one looks so dressed up as a stenographer on Saturday morning.

WOMAN IS LESS ROBUST THAN MAN AND LOSES MORE TIME.

Most statistics kept by firms employing large numbers of women confirm this contention. The New York Telephone Company, for instance, considers that each woman is absent twice as often as each man, while the Western Electric Company of Chicago gives the proportion as three times as often!

For not only is woman less robust than man and therefore has more days of illness, but, further, she has all sorts of home ties such as ailing relatives or aged parents which make calls upon her time.

I did, however, find an opinion that these

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ten minutes saved—

gum health lost!

WE AMERICANS are always in a hurry. We work fast, we play fast, and above all, we eat too fast.

This national habit of hasty eating is at the bottom of many tooth troubles that originate in the gums. And it is troubles from the gums that cause our dentists the most concern today.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

For this hasty eating of soft, modern over-refined foods robs the gums of the stimulation they need to keep them sound and healthy. Deprived of enough work to keep them in condition, gums today grow soft and congested; "pink toothbrush" appears; and pyorrhea gets its start.

To keep the gums firm and hard, thousands of dentists now prescribe the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Many write us that a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular brushing is, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, a splendid restorative treatment. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, has a direct tonic effect on weakened gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

two were not the only reasons for her more frequent absences! There was another, that as she looked upon her job as a temporary affair, the importance of keeping it was not very great, and that this attitude also affected her attendance.

SHE GETS MARRIED AND GIVES UP HER JOB.

Though woman's instability on account of physique was one reason given for prejudice, the main reason was, of course, due to the interference of marriage.

That marriage more frequently interferes with the continuance of a woman's job than of a man's is a matter of our common experience. It is further proved by most statistics on turnover. It is not, however, invariably so proved, for the Western Electric Company of Chicago, for instance, stated that in 1923 their labor turnover for women was actually 22 per cent less than for men.

In any case, however, I very generally found that the prejudice against woman because of her instability due to physique and marriage was not so active where the labor was youthful and more or less inexperienced. There, the turnover is always high, and, as the training is short and the labor attains its full value very quickly, stability is less important.

But in the other class of labor, that of the experienced, highly-trained, and well-paid woman employé, her greater instability becomes a far more serious cause for prejudice.

A man who has climbed into a good job isn't likely to give it up unless he has found a better one. But a woman frequently has to give up her business career because she gets married.

This means a considerable amount of disruption is entailed while another person is found to take on her special work, and such a reason for prejudice is particularly likely to be prevalent in this country where a clever woman often climbs to a position of trust and responsibility so rapidly that she is still in the most likely marriageable years.

IF SHE GETS MARRIED AND DOESN'T GIVE UP HER JOB, THE JOB SUFFERS.

IN these modern days it often happens, of course, that marriage makes no bar to the continuance of a woman's job. But in this connection I found a very definite opinion that, eliminating the unusual case, it was neither good for the woman nor her work.

The general and emphatic opinion was that a woman did not do such good work after she married. Her attention was divided and some of it, at least, was given to her home and husband. And in the unusual case where her work did not deteriorate, her health did.

In only two instances did I find a favorable expression of opinion, and in neither case were the employés in responsible positions. In one, the work was clerical, in the other, physical labor.

And even here, the Chicago firm which expressed the opinion that married women were less tardy than their single sisters, also admitted that *they were absent more often.*

Having considered the reasons expressed for the prejudice against women on account of their greater instability, which was given first place in the arraignment, let us now consider that more interesting and more human cause for prejudice, the sex factor.

DOES WOMAN USE HER SEX AS AN INFLUENCE IN BUSINESS?

I must admit that the general impression was that consciously, in a very few cases, and unconsciously, in the great majority, she does.

The use of the sex element in business is always a prejudice against women in the case of employers who are engaged in legitimate enterprises. Of course in the fly-by-night concerns where a quick sale is the outstanding object, women are often employed just for this one reason. But outside these unusual cases, the fact that woman is woman is frequently a prejudice against her employment.

This is not only because she may unconsciously use her sex as an influence, but also because by being a woman she creates a certain amount of antagonisms which are due to jealousy.

An instance of this was given to me by a woman, a successful seller of bonds, who said that when in a certain month the sales record for the whole organization happened to be held by a woman, the heads of the firm congratulated her, with this addendum:

"We're not going to tell the men that they have been beaten by a woman! For you know though we've grown to love you, we hate you all the same!"

She told me further of the great difficulty which women had had to make their entry into this firm and the further difficulty in gaining the admission that they had made good.

This, however, might be due to another reason than jealousy. For I found quite often that a great many men were prejudiced against the employment of women as sales persons. They believed that a man found it more difficult to say "No" to a woman than to a man, and for this reason a customer would discriminate against a house which employed women on its sales force. Investors, too, are not apt to have confidence in women's advice.

An instance of this was related to me by an editor who told me he had refused to agree to the suggestion to send out a clever and pretty woman in his employ to sell syndicate features, just for this very reason.

For a somewhat similar reason banks do not like to train women to become bankers. Not only does the woman frequently leave to get married just as her long training is becoming effective, but still more because that training includes a lot of outside work in the debit and credit departments and they have found that *business men strongly object to being questioned about their affairs by a woman!*

I ASKED one of the officers of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company whether he believed that women were guilty in respect of using their sex as an influence in business. They employ six thousand women, and I judged that he would have an opinion on the subject! He countered by asking me two questions:

"Do you see that girls in business make themselves any uglier than need be?"

"Is a woman able to cry at will?"

The first answer, in question form, suggested the reason for prejudice against cosmetics, bobbed hair, and peekaboo waists. For all such adornment and display of charm brings an element of sex into the business world!

I found this prejudice everywhere. Most men have very strong ideas upon the subject of the appearance of their women employés, though only occasionally has one the courage to throw down a challenge.

This happened a short time ago when one brave man issued the fiat that henceforth every girl in his employ should, at least during business hours, be adequately clothed, which meant that peekaboo waists were rigorously barred.

"Adequately clothed!" came back the indignant chorus. "What does he mean? I guess I know as well as that old boob just how I ought to dress!"

And as the extent or lack of clothing which shall or may be worn by any woman at any time is entirely a matter of the moment, and the adequacy of one month is the immodesty of the next, how should this or any other man hope to wage a lasting battle against the bulwarks of Fashion!

So girls in business continue to bob their hair, paint their cheeks and wield their lip sticks; so they continue to wear the filmiest of waists and the sheerest of stockings and laugh to scorn the man

who suggests that while such garb may be charming in the drawing room, it is a little startling in the somber world of trade.

I did, however, come across one firm which still demands the right to have some say about the appearance of its employés. The head of the employment bureau of one of New York's largest banks told me, for instance, that every prospective woman employé was requested *to remove her hat!* Not only is this to judge her appearance without this feminine adornment, but also because her response to the request is an important proof of her general attitude!

COSMETICS are also discouraged by this firm and an instance was given to me of one girl whose pretty face was too much garnished and who was asked to wash it before her application would be considered. Either the girl wanted the job very badly, or she had a most unusual fund of common sense, for she came back minus the paint, and was engaged!

To the second question asked by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's officer, "Is a woman able to cry at will?" I answered perplexedly, "Good heaven! I don't know. Personally, I can't — but does she?"

"If she can't do it to order, she does it very usefully," he answered gravely. "A few words of censure and the tears are in her eyes."

"And then you stop scolding?" I asked.

"It is difficult to be severe with a girl in tears!"

"Would you be more severe with a boy under similar conditions?"

"I should feel that the boy's career was at stake and that my censure might help him. With the girl it wouldn't matter so much. Anyway, no real boy cries."

That was his attitude. And a woman made the still more direct admission:

"I think a woman does use her sex as an influence," she said, "if not consciously, then unconsciously. If she has charm she doesn't hide its light under a bushel. In my own case, I admit that in very rare instances I use—not charm, I haven't any—but flattery! I don't like the damage which such admission causes to my self-respect, but if there is something I want very much and I can't put it over in any other way, *I use flattery. And it always works!*"

Several admitted they would prefer to manage an unmixed staff, which again suggests that a business environment does not entirely eliminate sex consciousness.

WOMAN CREATES TROUBLE BY AN OVERBEARING AND COMPLACENT MANNER.

THIS refers more particularly to the clever and successful business woman of today. She is imbued with the belief that woman is better at her job than man. She is filled with contempt—kindly withal—for mere man and his blundering. She doesn't in any way hide this belief nor contempt. She may, or may not, be justified, but even extreme justification would not be apt to smooth the way to complete harmony in a mixed staff!

There is another type of woman who is also inharmonious. She sees nothing but herself. She wants to shine, wants what she glibly calls self-expression. In some cases, she thinks she can write, in others that she's the born business woman. She's full of self-confidence but usually she just isn't there! She's a bluff! This type produces strong sex antagonism and friction in any office.

And now we come to the two final counts against woman in business, of which the first is this:

SHE HAS A GREATER CAPACITY FOR GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.

Here I found the general opinion that women not only wasted more time by gossip but created friction by their avidity for little scandals. They were tremendously interested in the affairs of this one and that; they would halt in the midst of typing an important letter to discuss the "doings" of the latest recruit to the staff, and thus created an atmosphere of antagonism.

And the second is this:

WOMAN HAS A GREATER SENSITIVENESS TO PERSONALITIES.

Which is to say that, if anybody should throw out a casual remark about anything, any woman would immediately pounce upon it and find therein an intentional disparagement of her individual self!

I interviewed a great many heads of such businesses as bond-broking, banking, insurance, manufacturing, publishing, advertising, and telephone service. And I found that although each one was quite willing to have me quote him to the effect that "of course, women were wonderful creatures and any man just *loved* to have them in his office," *not one would express a frank opinion* unless I assured him that *his name would not be used!*

"For," said the head of a firm employing six thousand women, "supposing a large proportion of our employés read your article? Each individual woman would imagine that every word I said was a reflection against herself! And then just think of the life I should lead!"

AND here in a nutshell is the reason for this final count in the prejudice against women in business!

Having so frankly outlined the prejudices expressed, it is only fair to mention the facts in her favor. These were:

That for certain mechanical and monotonous jobs requiring patience, women were usually more successful than men. In the telephone operating division, for instance, girls were preferred because they were more courteous and patient than boys;

That in factories which keep statistics women were found to be less tardy than men;

That girl clerks are often more highly strung, more conscientious, and of a higher type than boys, but against such virtues must be placed the fact that they are also under the influence of personalities and are apt to imagine injuries and slights;

That there is a certain type of woman who is as level-headed as she is clever, who has passed up marriage and finds her chief interest in her career and who is a very useful asset in the business world. But she is unusual enough to be excluded from the general average and composes a class of her own, almost a third sex.

Admitting such prejudices, are there no remedies?

Several suggestions were made to me which, for the grain of mustard seed they may contain, I will pass along.

The first is that as woman is less physically robust than man she should always go after the work for which by nature and physique she is best fitted.

Here is an illustration from the editorial world. A woman on the staff of a certain newspaper was always objecting to what she called hand-picked assignments and demanding equal treatment with the men. Finally, becoming tiresomely insistent, she was given a particularly unsavory murder case, the facts for which could only be gleaned in a low saloon on the water front.

In five hours she was back with the admission that she couldn't get it. The man reporter who followed her came back with his story in an hour! And this wasn't any reflection on her ability, but an instance where sex was an insurmountable obstacle. And she learned the lesson!

IN regard to woman's instability because of marriage there were no suggestions. The fact that she may, under modern conditions, continue in her job does not eliminate the difficulty. For marriage divides her interest in her work, and though with her sublime self-confidence she may attempt two such dissimilar jobs as business and housekeeping, the result reflects upon her work, or, more important still, upon her health.

In regard to the element of sex which enters into the mixed staff and creates the second basis of prejudice, several spoke hopefully that time might effect an improvement. Women are comparatively new to the business life. Either they are too sure of themselves or not sure enough. In the former case they create antagonism by an overbearing manner; in the latter they use their sex to help them along. With further experience they may learn to take their place in the business world as units and not as women.

Both sex and social consciousness may be left at home.

And, finally, out of the many conversations I had, a question suggests itself. As a little humility on our part certainly won't hinder the removal of the prejudice which exists against the woman in business, I will, with some trepidation, give it utterance!

"Would woman have made her successful inroad into the business world if, in every case, she had demanded the same salary as man?"

Moral: If you must keep women employés happy, paper your office with mirrors.

THE END

IS THE NAVY RATIO NOW 5-4-3?

JOHN STEELE

That's something Americans ought to be pondering over. Particularly if they'll stop to think how all the rest of the world is turning out submarines and airplanes faster than ever before. John Steele, an American newspaper correspondent residing in London, is on the inside in these matters, and in the next issue of Liberty he tells some vitally important facts on

WHO WILL RULE THE SEAS?

GETTING A JOB *in the* MOVIES

First of a Series of Articles That Will Interest Every Ambitious Girl in America

"THERE'S a girl with a wonderful profile!" Overhearing this statement about herself was what sent pretty Kathryn Martin of Lima, Ohio, in search of fame and fortune on the screen. Some of the movie people treated her pretty well and some of them didn't. In the fascinating narrative that begins in this issue Miss Martin frankly tells of her experiences, both pleasant and unpleasant, in "breaking into the movies."

By KATHRYN MARTIN

I SUPPOSE I am one of those girls who, as the saying goes, began at the bottom. The day some commercial movie makers came to the hall in Lima, Ohio, where I was drilling my little dancing class and said they wanted to make some scenes of us, that day another bit of history began to be made for the movies. I had scarcely begun to pose for them when a real nice looking lad who was the director whispered to the camera man, and I overheard him. He said:

"There's a girl with a wonderful profile!"

That was the first moment I was really attacked by the lure of the picture plays.

I just smiled at the men and didn't say a word. But thoughts of the bag of gold flashed before my eyes, and all day long and all night, too, it seemed, the one thought—to get to Hollywood and become a great star—was with me.

Mother threw up her hands and gasped when finally I told her I had seventy-five dollars and at a hundred would be on my way West. Dad, who always said I was too good a mimic to be wasting my time teaching dancing, just bellowed laughing at first, and then he suggested New York. There were almost as many studios in New York, he was sure, as in Hollywood, and moreover it wasn't nearly so far coming back.

But then next morning at the breakfast table he slammed his hand down on the arm of his chair and said he'd allow me to do nothing of the kind. The idea! His little daughter picking up and going away off there alone! No, sir! He wouldn't think of it.

But I had been pretty much on my own as it was, since my parents were poor, and I was twenty-one. Besides, I was positive there were a lot of famous stars without half so much personal attractiveness as I had. Every one told me so, especially after they knew I was going away.

The day came when one hundred dollars was in my purse—and a little bit more for good measure. And within a week I was saying good-by. I think I never have felt so lonely and needful as the moment when I stood on the platform of that train in Lima and waved good-by to mother and father, who stood crying and waving back at me. In the eyes of several of my friends who had come down to the station to see me off, I thought I could read:

"Well, let's send the poor kid away with a cheer. It's so far she'll never get back."

I got into the sleeper, and found my arms filled with flowers and candy which my friends had brought for me. Truly, already I felt as great as Mary Pickford. I kept picturing in my mind great billboards with advertisements on them bearing my profile and my long brown curls. I am what is called a little girl, not very tall, and quite slight, and I even thought that night as I rolled along of seeing my picture in full figure in great flaming advertisements.

BY the time I got to New York, I may add, most of the near neighbors on the train knew who I was, where I came from, and what I was going to do. I told them little by little. They all seemed quite sympathetic and hopeful for me. One lady looked at me a long time, and said, quite like a judge in court:

"Yes—yes, you have a rather distinguished profile."

I didn't care for this so much. But at any rate, it was nice to be in the limelight already and have people passing audible comment about me.

I was in more than ordinary good spirits most of the way. I kept recounting my equipment for the films. I could ride, swim, drive a car (a small one), dance, ride horseback, and row a boat. My hundred dollars also seemed a perfectly wonderful asset.

When I got into the Pennsylvania Station it seemed to me that I had stepped out into another world—a slightly smaller world than the one I had just left, but another world just the same. Its ceiling seemed high as the sky, and its distant walls like the haze over the horizon.

I wanted to look at it a long time, but I was in New York now, and must keep on the move. Father had said that unless one kept on the move in New York she would be likely to be arrested.

I wanted to take a taxicab. I didn't do this in Lima, but in New York it was necessary. A porter said he would call one, and O, what a horrible looking spectacle it was as it drove up! A little, broken down, bespattered affair which almost fell to pieces. I gave the porter a quarter, which I have since learned was entirely too much for me, and stepped into the machine. I was ashamed of being seen in it. I was glad no one would know me.

And then I was terribly lonesome. I thought I should scream for loneliness as the cab stopped at crossings, where hundreds and

"I was walking slowly, looking up at the dingy stone houses."

thousands rushed back and forth at the signal of the big policeman in the center of the street. Just as soon as the cab started again I felt all right. But when it stopped it seemed I got a great fear, for some reason or other.

The taxicab drew me up in front of a place on West Forty-sixth Street as I have since learned. I had had a list of addresses of "high class rooming houses (for the profession)" which a vaudeville actress had given me in Lima. A large, slovenly woman, with a fat face and rouge on her cheeks, answered the door and subjected me to a cross-examination. She must have asked me two dozen questions, and smiled every once in a while. I suppose she thought I was too young and fresh looking to be all alone looking for a place to live. I didn't like her looks any more than she seemed to like mine, so I picked up my hat box and grip and lugged them away. I wondered how she ever managed to rent any rooms at all.

NOW I was off on a search for a home, and house after house I visited, only to be turned away because I didn't seem to be just the kind of tenant they wanted; or, more frequently, because I couldn't stand the women who answered the doors. They all looked the same. And they all asked the same questions.

"Where's your trunk?" was invariably the first question. And when I explained I hadn't one, but would have it sent on from Lima later, they laughed at Lima, and wanted to know "what d'ye do?"

"I'm going into pictures," I said to them.

"What company?" would be their next query.

"Why, I'm not sure," I would reply.

"Got a part?"

"Well, no, I haven't, yet. I'm very sure I'll get one soon, though."

Whereupon there would be laughter, and the door would be closed. The doors all bore the sign: "Rooms for Rent," but I had very little success renting one. I thought of a hotel. But then father had told me it would cost too much if I went there. So I worked hard for more than two hours trying to find some place to clean myself up and rest. I wanted to get a room in that neighborhood because it isn't wise to be too far away from the offices where I had learned they employed actresses for the picture producing companies.

I was walking slowly, looking up at the dingy stone houses which faced directly on the street, with little stone steps leading up to ghastly looking gray-black doors adorned with scores of push buttons, when I heard some one speak to me. I looked up and saw a middle aged man, with gray hair. He smiled. And I smiled and said:

"Good afternoon."

I couldn't place him, but mother had always told me at home I should speak to people when they spoke to me because ordinarily they knew me and I just didn't recognize them. Many a time she had said:

"Why, Kathryn, Frank Williams, Ezra Williams' boy, who lives out south, told father today that he spoke to you last week and you didn't pay any attention to him. You mustn't do that!"

So I spoke to this man and passed on. But I realized my mistake when, after I had gone a block farther, he caught up with me and touched me on the arm and said:

"What's your hurry, girlie?"

Photo by De Mirjian Studios

KATHRYN MARTIN

Then I was really frightened. I realized at last I was in a strange city, and that I must drop my Lima manners. I did.

WALKING blocks and blocks, with a traveling bag and a hat box, besides wearing high heeled shoes, trying to find a room which I must pay for in advance didn't seem very good to me, but I remembered most all of the stars had had this same trial to go through, according to their own stories, so I didn't lose heart.

At last, my eyes filled with the sight of scurrying thousands, of yelling taxicab drivers, of roaring automobiles carrying fine looking people, and of buildings so high you couldn't count the stories, I came upon the rooming house which was to be my refuge.

I felt so comfortable when, at Mrs. B.'s place, a young woman smiled and opened the door and, when I asked to see the landlady, led me to Mrs. B.'s office in the rear. Mrs. B. was of Irish birth in the first place, and I liked that.

In the second place, she looked clean. She asked the set questions, and in replying to my comments she would, every once in a while, rip out a string of cuss words that made me fairly quake. But the soft chair I was sitting in helped me endure the profanity; and, anyway, it didn't seem she was really bad. Moreover, her snapping blue eyes and her red cheeks (which seemed naturally so) and her shiny black hair sort of fascinated me.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

the favorite
HAIR-WASH
at

PHILADELPHIA'S
BELLEVUE
STRATFORD

Joseph Pessano & Sons, managers of the barber-shop in the Bellevue Stratford, Philadelphia, say this:

"Never in all our experience have we had a new hair-wash that has met with such success as Wildroot Taroleum, the wonderful new crude-oil hair-wash. One application and our patrons become converts to its healthful and cleansing qualities. In a very short length of time it has become the most popular shampoo in our shop."

Taroleum will delight you. It is luxurious, and yet it is economical. A tablespoon is all that is required as a shampoo. And the large 6-oz. bottle costs only 50c. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ask your Barber or Druggist for a bottle

WILDROOT
TAROLEUM
HAIR-WASH
The wonderful new Crude-oil shampoo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

"What in the hell is a kid like you doin' in New York, for the love of——?" she would say. And then I almost ran away. But she saw I was a little upset, and she called me "Dearie," and said she would take care of me for the time being, so I decided to stay.

"I don't want you up and running out on me, though, kiddie," she warned me, smiling. "There hasn't been any blankety blank actor got away from me yet without paying his room rent, and I don't want any little whippersnapper like you tryin' it. When you meet Eddie Riley next room to you, ask him what happened when he tried to jump his rent; you'll know how I go about runnin' my house."

She then said:

"Come on, ye little devil, and I'll give you a good room. But no washin' out of things and hanging 'em on the foot of the bed, mind you. I'm wise to that business of puttin' the gas cookin' plate in the bureau drawer, too, so don't try that, neither. Many a kid like you has cooked her meals in her room for a month with me footin' the gas bill."

I didn't understand a thing she was talking about, but I was mightily relieved. Was it possible that at last I had a place to stay? And the room wasn't bad, either. I remember lying down across the small bed and thinking about all that had passed, and uppermost in my mind was the kind face of Mrs. B. and the fact that I really was happy to be in her house. She was so motherly, though profane. She at least seemed to me to have her own idea about right and wrong. And that pleased me.

MY twelve dollars a week for this room was going to cut down the money still in my purse, and I realized mighty soon I'd have to be getting something. Then I thought of home, and mother and father. It's funny I thought of them last.

I stayed there all afternoon, cleaning myself up and looking out of the window over the roofs of ever so many other buildings. They were other rooming houses. I found out afterward that this was a section where many, many actresses lived. Indeed, I met many of them, and made many a good friendship which I shall always cherish. Of course, I met some who weren't so nice.

That first night in New York I shall never forget. In the daytime as I had trudged up and down streets, I had been filled with a sense of sickness at the sight of such unclean, wornout, dirt filled streets, hallways, and houses. As I stepped out upon the sidewalk that night, all was turned to brightness, color and motion.

Mrs. B. told me I had better get my directions and then keep count of the streets I walked past so I could get back, and she put the address of my new home on a card. She didn't want me to go out alone, at all.

But I felt safe enough. There was Broadway only a half block away, roaring in its hugeness, with sparkling electric lights throwing great glows of brilliance over persons and objects.

Broadway, as I remember it that first night, was a great, white, blue and red avenue of color and life and beauty. A Salvation Army crew sang at a corner, and every one looked on reverently. I gave them a quarter. I wanted to make it more.

O, that was a glorious night for me, as I walked back to Mrs. B.'s house, and, after meeting two nice young men whom Mrs. B. introduced to me, I went into my room.

NEXT morning I was refreshed, and the first thing I looked for was a new gown. I found it in Forty-fourth street. I had passed Madame Hammer's fashionable shop a few minutes before, and I loved her beautiful things, but when I had gone in and learned the cheapest thing she had was one hundred dollars I almost fainted. So I found a place in Forty-fourth Street, and got a right nice little frock for twelve dollars. Really!

The two young men with burnsides like Rudolph's whom I had met the night before had talked with me that morning, and they reassured me greatly about my work. They said a girl had a mighty good chance to get along in the movies, and they felt sure I would get by. They said the directors were much more likely to advance a girl quickly than a man. Anyway, they told me I must be sure to have as nice a wardrobe as possible.

Well, after I had bought the gown, I decided to go directly to a motion picture theater—what marvelous picture theaters they had along Broadway!—and see Gloria Swanson in a really big picture. Gloria had always seemed to me to be the type I should strive to emulate. But, really, I must say that many of my friends also had said to me many and many a time:

"Why, Kathryn, you look exactly like Mary Pickford in side view."

Most of them even added they thought I was prettier than Mary. Of course, I knew better than that. The first thing I noticed when Gloria's picture came on was that her hair was bobbed. So I could scarcely wait until I got outside. When I found a parlor where they cut girls' hair I went in, and immediately the nervous little Frenchman said to me:

"Cut zat marveelous hair? O, no, no! Eet would be zee ridiculous. I shall lose my job first, dearie!"

I said that was all right, and I would simply go across the street and have it done, and so at last he consented. And off came my long, brown curls. I was now quite in the swim, and I really felt I ought to have my picture taken at once to send home. But that thought was swept away by the realization I must get along at once to find my job.

As I hurried along Broadway toward the casting office (an office where agents employ, or select, prospects for small parts in pictures about to be made) I, for the first time, noticed the great beauty and striking style of New York girls in general. How stunning they were! Each seemed to be a type to herself. That was one of my chief first impressions of Broadway.

YOU will know how I was affected by the fact that my next move was to go into a drug store and buy a lip stick of tangerine hue. I applied it with the aid of my little purse mirror, and when I stepped out upon the street again the sun was high and bright, but, for the life of me, I could not feel comfortable. I guess I felt conspicuous. So I hurried back to Mrs. B.'s house.

As I stepped into my room I had my first impression of what I have learned since is the edge of Tin-pan Alley. Overhead a vaudeville team was practicing a new dance; in the next room a woman with a squeaky voice was reaching, or trying to reach, a high note; on the other side a quartet was practicing.

For a half hour I sat on my bed, amazed at the mixture of strange, half harmonious sound. It seemed as if I had been placed suddenly in a room with four phonographs playing, each with a different music record, and each set of performers with different instruments. Really, it seemed like a crazy house.

I fell asleep. I must have been quite tired. I realized just before I toppled over into dreamland that within an hour I would be entering my first casting office looking for my first job. When I awoke the sun was still shining, and I looked out and saw a large clock in a tower. It was one o'clock. I drew out my little lip stick and applied it before my small mirror. My hair, I noticed, looked quite smart now. And then I smiled my prettiest at myself in the mirror, took up my purse, and walked out to find a job.

"No Girl Need Go Hungry"—that's one thing Kathryn learned as she sought to break into the movies. Read in next week's number how she was given a job but refused it when she thought of the home folks in Lima.

He grasps the racquet like an Indian club, quite often using both hands on it.

DON'TS *for* DUBS

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN 2d

Tennis Champions Are Made, Not Born, Says This World Champion, Who Started Out as the Dubbiest of Dubs

The chopping method of swinging results in the famous first class dub stroke.

I AM not writing this for the expert, the tournament star, the champion. If there is anything in it of interest to him I am delighted, for it proves two things—one, that I have succeeded in giving something of value to tennis; second, that he still remembers the day when he was a dub. I was a dub, one of the dubbiest dubs who ever struggled through the various classes of dubdom. My years of dub-tennis were so many I can recall them far more clearly than those glorious ones when I started to rise from the mass to that goal, the championship, which, once attained, I now wish were still ahead of me.

What is a first class dub? A player who attempts to make every shot overhand, no matter how the ball bounces. Journey out to any public park or tennis club and watch the novices who are just taking up the game. They grasp their racquet like an Indian club, or an ax or possibly a war club. The ball, often by accident, is hit to them and they swing, quite often using two hands on it.

I well remember in the days of my extreme youth while passing through this two handed overhand class, not only missing the ball completely (I can still do that), but hitting myself on the knee cap or some other exposed part of my person.

Gradually it is born in the consciousness of the dub that two hands are not necessary to swing a racquet and at that moment he becomes a right or left hand dub and takes his first step up the ladder.

The chopping method of swinging is very popular with mankind. Man chops wood, ice, meat and various other commodities, and starts right in chopping a tennis ball. Unfortunately a tennis ball will not bounce high enough to chop every time. This results in the famous first class dub stroke, the overhead forehand drive, usually made kneeling on the court. It is a tremendous physical feat to accomplish. I could not possibly do it now; I am too old, but in my youth I spent hours vainly trying to hit overhand a shot that bounced less that waist high. Experience is a wonderful teacher and after some months, or possibly years, a dub gradually recognizes the fact that every shot cannot be played overhand and he decides to try to hit them underhand. It is at this point he ascends the second step and becomes the second class dub.

NOW it is almost as impossible to make every shot underhand as it is to play every one overhand, yet the mind of a dub is a single track mind and, having discarded the overhand for the underhand, he concentrates on it. Well do I remember my futile struggles with the underhand shot. Like all dubs I developed the shovel shot, usually made on a pickup or near pickup, often with two hands.

The effect is to send the ball high in the air, often back toward your own backstop. Fortunately there is a more rapid cure to the underhand dub class than its predecessor because very shortly after starting this new underhand stroke you miss the ball and hit yourself on the forehead, or nose, or in the mouth as the case may be.

Only a few of these gentle reminders are needed to convince one that the stroke is wrong. You then discard it and decide to swing neither overhand nor underhand, but around the waist, and at that moment you leave the dub class and become a tennis player.

The dub does so many things wrong because no one ever told him they were wrong. Watch the average dub play tennis and you will see him take his eye off the ball long before he hits it, stand facing the net, grip his racquet wrong, play in the middle of the court and transgress all the other laws of tennis, yet he will make good shots, win matches and have a glorious time doing it. Somehow I envy him his dubship, yet I want to correct him, for he may be a great player in embryo.

Why should any one become discouraged at a game? After all it is only sport and should be played for sport's sake. There is no need to take it seriously, except when you are actually playing it. Play any game to win and for the very best there is in you while you are engaged in competition, but once you are done, do not worry about it, or let your weaknesses or lack of success upset you. You have gained the real reward of the game in its pleasure of play, exercise, and the comradeship of competition.

There are so many wrong ways of playing tennis that I often think sign posts of danger are more needed than arrows of instruction. I am about to erect a few sign posts of danger to the novice which even the expert may do well to observe.

1. *Don't take your eye off the ball!* In this danger signal the keynote of all games played with a moving object is struck and sounded clear and loud. Why does the batter fan the air in baseball? Why does the defensive back in football fumble the high punt? Why does the golfer miss an easy shot? Why does the tennis player net his return of service? Because in every case he has allowed his eye to leave the ball a fraction of a second too soon, and has misjudged its speed or distance.

When you analyze the situation there is no essential reason why a player should look away from the ball at his opponent's court. The court, net, backstops, etc., are fixed and permanent. Nothing short of an earthquake or other

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act of God will move them during play, and if that comes, play is apt to stop anyway.

There is no need to watch your opponent, because you are not trying to hit him with your shot, but miss him and put the ball where he is not. The only object in motion which is in direct contact with the player is the ball itself, so why not concentrate on that until a successful return has been made.

2. *Don't face the net when making a stroke!* It is the most natural action in the world for a man to face whatever he meets unless he is a coward, and then he uses the other broadside. Yet in tennis the wise player neither fights the ball with his face nor runs from it at his back, but sidles off and squares up to it as if boxing.

Let me make myself clear. Always await the ball facing the net, but once you see which side the shot is to be played, forehand or backhand, turn sideways so that your shoulders are parallel to the sideline of the court and the line of your feet, so that you swing your racquet directly along the line you wish to make your shot.

Ninety-nine out of every one hundred players stand squarely facing the net and swing the racquet in a circle around the body. Consider for a moment the effect of this.

The swing, as mentioned, is a circle. The ball in its flight is a tangent to it. Now it is an established geometric fact that a tangent to a circle touches the diameter at but one point. Therefore, there is but one point where ball and swing are joined in real contact. The object is to meet the ball clean and drive it straight, yet in the circular swing that is only possible at one point if you stand with your body parallel to the net. Certainly your chances of making a clean shot, no matter what stroke you use, are about as unequal as they possibly can be.

Suppose you face off court and turn your body sideways. Your arm then swings in a straight line parallel to the flight of the ball; in fact, the racquet travels along the identical plane, and you therefore have materially increased your chances of a good return. Yet your stroke is unaltered. All you have done is to change from facing the net to standing sideways.

3. *Don't try to kill every shot! Don't hit too hard!* The one great god of American sport is speed. It is speed which has made idols of Ty Cobb, Charlie Paddock, Joie Ray, Billy Johnston, Gene Sarazen, Man-o'-War, Johnnie Weissmuller, Jay Gould, and others. Every man, woman and child has an inborn love of speed. Yet speed alone, speed without control, is useless, dangerous, and foolish. Speed, tempered with judgment and control, is the goal to which all athletes should strive.

There are certain types of the wrong use of speed, of overhitting, if I may so term it, into which every novice falls. The first and worst is the wasted first service, slugged blindly by a player because he thinks he has another chance. One fault is a mistake, but a double fault is a tennis crime. There is really no excuse for it. Service is given to you to open the play, to start the game. It has developed to a point where it is a marked advantage to the server.

I believe a player should hit his service just as hard as he can while retaining full control of the ball. It is seldom I use my so-called cannon ball delivery, and then only when I am certain of my control on my second delivery so I can afford to miss my first.

Study the great players and see how they wait for their openings. Billy Johnston with his tremendous forehand drive of blinding speed only brings it out when the ball is just where he wants it. R. N. Williams 2d is a more relentless advocate of speed, but even he, in later years, has sacrificed a little speed for greater accuracy and safety. Vincent Richards, Manuel Alonso, B. I. C. Norton, and Zenzo Shimizu all rely on accuracy until their opening comes when they produce the speed at times you think they lack. Even J. O. Anderson, the great Australian star, noted for his speed, is turning more and more to waiting for his opening. If these great stars all agree on this method why should not the novice follow their example, safe in the knowledge he is copying the world's best?

4. *Don't lopside your game. Don't favor one shot.* Human nature is very partisan. We like one person and dislike another and cannot tell why. We enjoy one game and are bored by another, yet the reason escapes. In tennis most players delight to make one shot and perfect it above the rest of their game and dislike to make another and never learn how it should be played. This is a fatal error for any one who wishes to succeed in tennis today.

NO longer will a great service carry a player to fame. Nor can a man drive himself to the heights with merely a forehand. The game of today and, even more so, the game of the future, must be well rounded and without weakness. Even so outstanding a service, volley, and overhand as that of McLoughlin or Gerald Patterson cannot cope with the all-around mastery of William M. Johnston. The weakness in the ground strokes of Vincent Richards or the backhand of Francis Hunter will probably keep them from winning the American singles championship—great players though they are. Even the slight hole in the defense of J. O. Anderson on his backhand has cost him the very highest honors.

Most players enjoy the forehand shot and rather dislike the backhand, since it is more or less unnatural. Such being the case most players, especially novices, form the habit of running around their backhand shots to play them on their forehand, with the result that while they develop a good forehand they have a weak and at times almost a useless backhand. The weakness in Hunter's and Anderson's backhand is due to this. I consider this a grave error in judgment for any young player—even at the expense of losing many matches.

I see no reason why any one with a sound body and normal mind and the willingness to practice cannot learn all shots in tennis. This is not an essay on instruction in strokes. There are plenty of those which can be purchased and many professional teachers who can be hired. This is merely an attempt to point the way and to uncover the danger points along the road to success.

One finds lots of other danger signals along the road. Most of them explain themselves. They are, for example:

5. *Don't fool in practice. It destroys concentration.*

6. *Don't become discouraged. Watch your progress season by season, not day by day.*

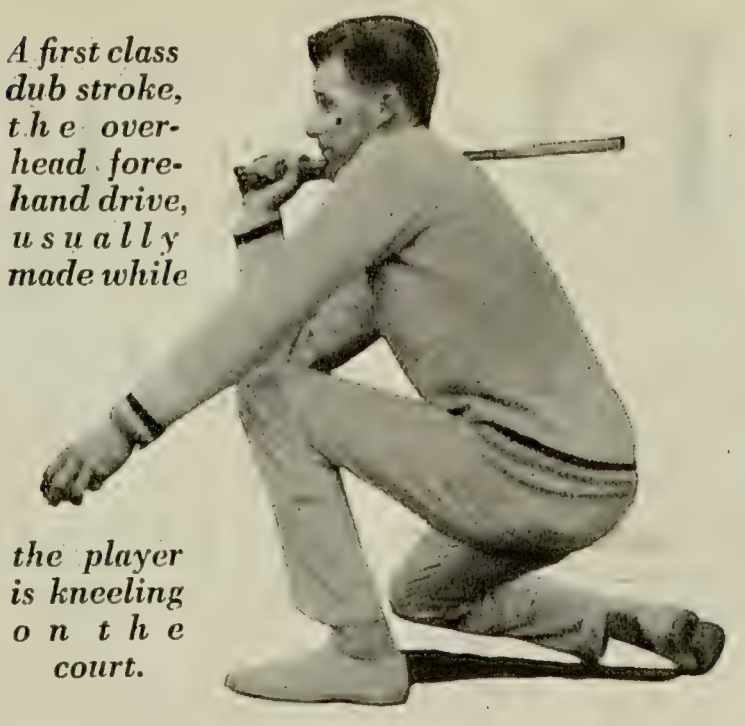
7. *Don't get mad at yourself or your opponent in a match. This will only tend to make you nervous and injure your game.*

8. *Don't worry over the "breaks" of luck. They will even up in the long run.*

9. *Don't underestimate your opponent or overestimate yourself.*

10. *Don't consider yourself a champion the first match you win. Overconfidence and self-satisfaction kill progress.*

THE END



A first class dub stroke, the overhead forehand drive, usually made while the player is kneeling on the court.

TILDEN'S TEN DON'TS FOR TENNIS DUBS

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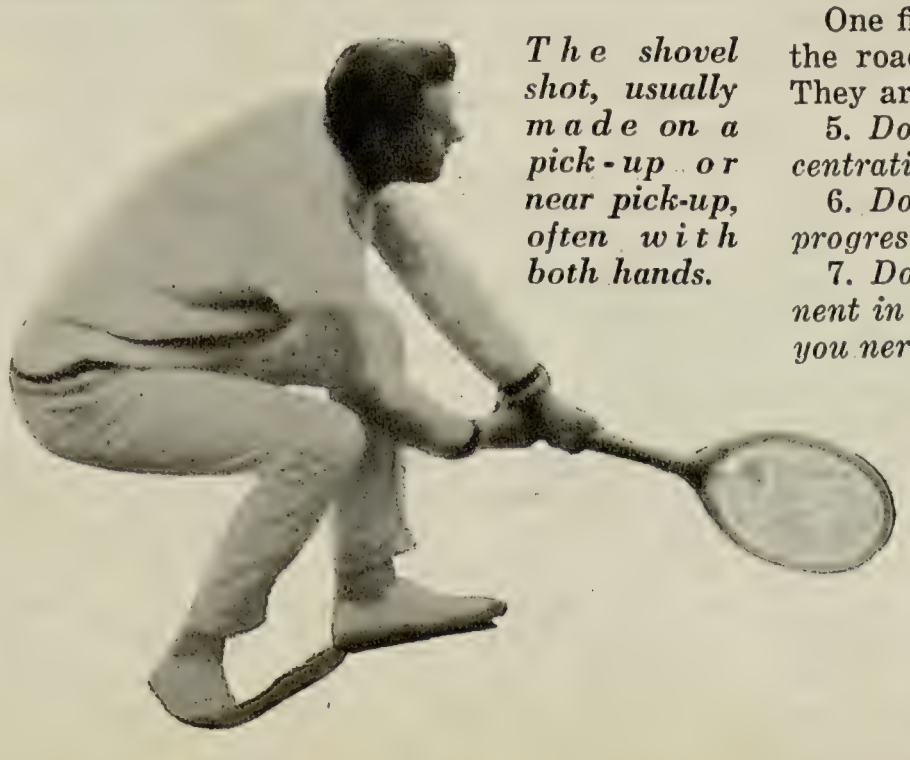

The shovel shot, usually made on a pick-up or near pick-up, often with both hands.

Clowns, Acrobats, Horses, and the Magic Glamour of Romance—that is the conventional picture of the old time circus. But there was another picturesque if rather sinister side—the grifters who trailed along with the circus. This article reveals their cherished secrets.

The simp stands by, sick at heart, feeling that if he could have played just once more he would have cleaned up.

THE CONFESSIONS *of a* GRIFTER

IV. At the Old-Time Circus

As Told to JULIAN STREET

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

THE old style grifting circus represented one of the most picturesque phases of life imaginable, and it always struck me as a queer thing that the regular performers in such shows were on the whole quite conventional in their morals. That is to say, the family life among the regular show people was pretty decent. Yet around the side show and all over the lot were crooks and thieves who worked generally on a commission basis, settling regularly with the circus management.

Some of the rough stuff pulled off was very clever, and the audacity with which it was done made it fascinating. There was a grifting show which used to travel in the Southern states some years back, in which the grifters used to pretend they were all good Democrats, which, of course, pleased the Southern folk. One of the stunts they would pull was this:

A barker would get up on a wagon and address the crowd, warning them of pickpockets and advising them to keep their hands on their money or their pocketbooks. The crowd would obey, and this showed the pickpockets just

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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where each one carried his money.

Then the barker would switch his talk into a political oration, telling about the grandeur of the Democratic party, and finally asking every one in the crowd who intended to vote the Democratic ticket to raise his right hand. Of course, all of them were going to vote the Democratic ticket, and when the hands went up the "dips" (pickpockets) got busy.

Old timers will remember when the methods of the grifters with some shows were so rough that fights would develop between townsmen and circus men. Then the cry would be, "Hey, Rube!" which was the circus war cry, and the men would come running from all over the lot, with tent-pegs or whatever came to hand in the line of weapons with which to beat off the town crowd. Heads would often be broken in these rows.

County fairs are generally losing propositions, and officials in their desire to break even are tempted to stand for all kinds of graft, for the grifters are willing to pay well for ground space if they are allowed to "rip."

During the time I had the program privilege at "pumpkin shows," I made many friends among the grifters, and when, as I went down the line, I heard the familiar call, "Come in with a shil," I would often act as a friendly booster for the game. I would always win, of course, and I would place my winnings in a little pocketbook which the outside man would slip me, and which I would later return to him.

Through these associations I learned how all the different games are operated. New stunts are being devised continually, and it is impossible to describe them all, but you can depend upon it that not one of them is straight.

IF you try your luck at the knife-board or the cane-rack—"three rings for a nickel or seven for a dime"—the only "flash" you have any real chance of winning is stuff of the cheapest kind: a cane or knife that costs the gamekeeper at the rate of seven dollars and twenty cents per gross, at most. The better grade of flash, such as revolvers and hunting-knives, is placed at the back of the stand, and the heads of such articles are so large that the rings will not readily go over them; or, if not, the stand-proprietor will tie a ring on them in such a way as to make the tossed ring bounce off.

It is the same with all the different games. The "squeeze-spindle," revolving on a glass surface to make the public believe the game is on the square, is controlled by a rod concealed under the green cloth which acts as a brake on the revolving arrow. This brake the gamekeeper controls with his stomach; when he leans against the edge of the table, where the rod comes out, he puts on the brake; he can even do it by breathing. And that is why the nickel-plated arrow which stops at a number calling for a large prize when a shilaber is playing, stops at a dead number, or one calling for a piece of very cheap flash, when a sucker comes into the game.

Everyone knows the device called the "striker," operated by hitting a padded spring with a wooden mallet, causing a small steel indicator to jump up in a slot, where it is held by a rachet at the highest point it reaches. Here the control is in the turning of the release at the back of the machine, which allows the indicator to drop. If the release is turned to the right, the number to which the indicator will rise on the next stroke will be a winning number, but if turned to the left the indicator will stop opposite a number drawing no prize, or at most a cheap one.

Also there are many games involving quick calculation—or miscalculation—on the part of the gamekeeper. He knows by heart the winning numbers, and avoids them. Such a game is the bagatelle arrangement, in which marbles roll from one end to the other of a shallow box, knocking against pins as they go, and falling into numbered pockets. The gamekeeper makes his totals faster than any one in the crowd can make them, and sees to it that only the shilabers get the lucky totals. If any one shows a disposition to dispute his addition, he either discourages him by seeming angry and making him feel cheap, or else tilts the board before a recount can be made.

The game played with the little hexagonal pins having numbers on their sides is similarly operated, the inside man having a quick eye for the near correct totals, and carelessly turning over one of the pins, spoiling the total, if the sucker wishes to count them up himself.

The "drop-case" is another bagatelle arrangement in which an innocent-looking marble, dropped into a hole in the small box at the top of the inclined board, emerges to trickle down between the pins. The control here is inside the box at the top, which contains hidden slides, managed by the operator, so that the marble may be started either toward winning numbers or losing numbers, as he desires. There are many variants of this game; in some of them much depends upon the arrangement of the pins, in others, where the ball drops through holes, only the large holes at the top will receive it, giving low prizes or none at all.

THESE and many other grifts which look straight enough to the ordinary simp, induce him to take a chance with his dime. Sometimes he will win a trifling articl such as a cheap collar button, this will frequently encourage hi to keep on, in hope of winnin something worth while. By grin ing at a dime per chance the a erage grifter can "get the nut off working straight—which does n mean "straight" in the stri sense of the word, but onl "straight" from the standpoint a grifter who would like to "rip but is not permitted to do so.

If allowed to rip, however, th grifters may earn hundreds of do lars a day, the system being to ge the player in for a dime and thro him a "conditional" number whic neither wins nor loses but force him to put up a dollar for the nex chance, against five dollars of th grifter's money; then another co ditional number doubles th amounts, and so on until the sim is broke. Then a shilaber steps i and pretends to buy out the simp' next chance with the gamekeep whereupon he is thrown on a luck number and wins a big prize, whil the victim stands by sick at heart feeling that if he could have playe just once more he would hav cleaned up.

IN little grifting circuses, or a county fairs where grifters ar allowed to "rip," short-changin is the order of the day. That i how the pink lemonade man is abl to allow his customers to have a they can drink for a nickel. In hi case the galvanized iron tub, ful of "juice," is only a "stall," an his generosity in letting customer guzzle is not as benevolent as i might seem; for he is only makin them feel good and keeping then around his stand so they will b on hand when, from time to time he wants somebody to accommo date him with a large bill in ex change for a lot of small change.

Short-changing is only a matte of nerve and quickness. A certai percentage of people do not cou their change carefully, and a clev short-change artist, accustomed t dealing with crowds, learns to rec ognize this type on sight.

Where a crowd is lined up at a ticket window, pushing to get up these natural born suckers can b short-changed the first crack ou of the box, and if, as happens nov and then, one of them discovers th inaccuracy and asks the ticke seller to correct it, he has only t reach down as if picking the dif ference up from the floor, makin the sucker believe it was droppe there by mistake. Having pro duced the amount to correct th error, the ticket seller now pro ceeds to do his real dirty work counting the money out very care fully, from one hand to the other and then handing it to the victim —but palming part of it as h does so.

In this way he will probab hold out more than he did the firs time, for the victim, having see the money counted before his eyes

will be satisfied, and will put the handful of change into his pocket without counting it again.

His system is to short-change the customer the first time, but not with the idea of cleaning up on the transaction; for as he hands out the wrong change he asks the victim to count it. This has the effect of establishing confidence, the customer feeling, in spite of the fact that he discovers a trifling error in the change, that the man must be honest because he asked that the money be counted. But it is when he supposedly corrects the error that the crook really does the trick, retaining his "holdout" by palming it, while at the same time he shoves another cup of the free lemonade into the sucker's hand, saying:

"Have one on the house."

Almost invariably the change is put away without recounting, and here, as in the case of the man selling tickets from the wagon, the missing change is "picked up from the ground" in the rare instances in which the intended victim turns out to be a "come back."

As in all other grifts the short-change artist is greatly assisted if he can get the confidence of his victim. Grifters who make a business of short-changing shopkeepers have various ways of throwing off suspicion, the most common trick being for the grifter to seem to forget his own change and start out of the store, depending on the shopkeeper to call him back and remind him of it. When working this game, however, the grifters hunt in pairs, so that if the shopkeeper fails to make the correction voluntarily, the grifter's friend can call attention to the error.

The grifter will then say that he must have put down a ten dollar bill by mistake, instead of a one, and this gives him a basis for starting to work with a view of confusing the shopkeeper and getting more money away from him than he is entitled to.

THE grifter setting out to "lay the twenty" would dress himself as a farmer and hire an old horse and buggy, with which he would drive to other villages, where he would drop into a drug store and buy a cigar, or perhaps go to the general store and buy a side of bacon. It didn't matter whom he "took" as long as it wasn't a bank or a post office, and his method was the same as is used by short-change artists today—though there are variations.

The grifter enters the store and (for our purpose) makes a purchase amounting to one dollar. The storekeeper counts out the change: four ones, a five, and a ten. As soon as the ten is laid on the counter the grifter takes it up and puts it in his pocket, but he leaves the five and the four one-dollar bills lying there, and drawing a one-dollar bill from his own pocket puts it down with them, so that there are now ten dollars on the counter. Pushing this toward the storekeeper, he explains that he hadn't realized he had the exact amount with him or he would not have paid for his dollar purchase with a twenty; and he asks the storekeeper to oblige him with a ten-dollar bill in place of the smaller bills on the counter. So far, everything is all right; but when the storekeeper puts down the ten, the grifter, instead of taking it up, mixes it with the ten dollars in small bills which the storekeeper is about to take and put in his till, and says:

"Better yet, as you will need the change, and as ten and ten is twenty, take all of this and give me back my twenty."

This is what confuses the storekeeper. Half the money on the counter already belongs to him, so if he gives the grifter the twenty-dollar bill in exchange for the twenty dollars in smaller bills, his cash loss is ten dollars, less the amount of the purchase; or, in this case, nine dollars in money; and of course, he is also out the goods the grifter purchased. Or, looking at it from the grifter's standpoint, he entered the shop with twenty-one dollars and went out with thirty dollars in money, besides goods worth one dollar.

THE short-changing industry as outlined above, was a sort of sideline with the circus and fair grifters during the winter layoff, but they didn't confine their efforts to this one branch of grifting, nor their attention entirely to their country cousins.

I recall one case in which they "took" a wise saloonkeeper for seven "grand" (thousand) against a fake foot race, and I don't believe he knows to this day that he was cheated.

Our town boasted a crack sprinter who was a clever card player as well, and he had a little larceny in his heart when it came to getting money by either of his vocations. He and some of the other grifters imported a second-class runner who made the saloonkeeper's place his headquarters, and by degrees became friendly with him, so that the saloonkeeper finally got to taking him driving behind a fast trotter he owned. When the conversation drifted to foot racing the young fellow allowed that he could sprint a bit, and one afternoon, out in the country, he skinned down to his racing togs and broke the world's record for a hundred yards, measured out with his own tapeline, which had about twenty yards missing in the middle.

After that, nothing would do for the grog-shop owner but a race between this fellow and the local champion, and he backed the stranger for seven thousand, which, of course, he lost.

That wasn't the only time he was trimmed.

One winter a skillful manipulator of the pasteboards hit the town and got acquainted with all the saloonkeepers who had gambling rooms in their places. He carried a watch which had an emerald, a ruby, and a sapphire in the back lid, and his stunt was to take walks with one or the other of the saloonkeepers in the afternoons, and stop in a jewelry store to have the watch regulated. While in the store he would ask the jeweler, in the presence of the "mark," what the watch was worth, and the jeweler would say truthfully that it was worth about a thousand dollars. In that way the loan value of the "super" was firmly fixed in the minds of the leading saloon men.

The sharper played in all their gambling rooms, biding his time until one night, after the jewelry stores were closed, when he appeared at one saloon after another, in his shirt sleeves, as if he had just gone broke in a poker game, and in each place borrowed five hundred dollars on his jeweled watch. He did it all so quickly that he was out of town before anybody caught on. The watches he left were phoney duplicates and were worth not more than twelve dollars each at retail, or seventy dollars by the dozen.

I remember grifters from our town frequently worked among the country storekeepers as "glim-peddlers," representing themselves as oculists. They carried lenses of all kinds to make "tests," and sometimes managed to make their victims think they were going blind, selling glasses to them at wonderfully high prices.

There were times when the victim had glasses which really suited his eyes. In such cases the grifter tried strong lenses on him or greased the victim's own glasses. Then the game began. With a profusion of lenses about him, a dexterous grifter frequently was able to remove the victim's own glasses from the frame, and then replace them and sell them back to the farmer at a price of from forty to fifty dollars, all this accompanied by a glib gift of talk which would do credit to a genuine oculist.

IN the beginning I told something about how men start as grifters, and I might as well end by telling what afterward gets some of them to going straight.

A certain number of crooks of this kind do reform—that I know. Every man—even a man who is the biggest crook in the country—has at certain times a desire to go straight. As he gets older, and the adventures of grifting are no longer a novelty to him, he begins to want to settle down and have a decent home instead of being always on the move and afraid of the law.

Opportunity will often reform a grifter. If he can get a good start in some other line, where he can make a fair living, he will jump at the chance if, as is sometimes the case, he has good stuff in him, down underneath the grifting surface. Also I have known a jail sentence to reform men of this kind, waking them up to the fact that they are really enemies of decent, worth while people. A smart crook sometimes has a good deal of ambition, but it is misdirected. If it can be turned into the right channels he will want to "be somebody," and will try to go straight.

Unfortunately, however, it is easier to fall into bad habits than to struggle out of them. Practically everybody has bad habits of one kind or another, and how many of us overcome them? Say your own bad habit is extravagance, or drinking, or smoking too much—what do you do about it? Well, the percentage of grifters who reform runs about the same as the percentage of other people who reform. And I am sorry to say that, according to my observation, the percentage is not any too high.

This is the final installment of the series of grifting stories written by Mr. Street, just as they were told to him by a man experienced in the trickery of the game from one end to the other.

JULIA HOYT,

the famous New York society beauty, has written a practical and inspiring article on beauty and charm which will appear in the next issue of Liberty. It reveals some interesting secrets regarding those qualities which every woman longs for, and it is called—

ACHIEVING ATTRACTIVENESS

JULIA HOYT

THREE-FOURTHS of a MILLION in a Season

Some Inside Stuff About Stage Stars

Captions
by
Burns Mantle

MADGE KENNEDY
—Muray photo.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD? 'S NOTHING! Make it pearls—and she's still worth it. Counting as the banks count. This young person (above) you may recognize as Mitzi (nee Hajos), ten years from Budapest, Hungary, and the greatest little money maker on the American stage. Last season she collected seven hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars gross receipts through the box office—which is more by $200,000 than the next best record, that of Ethel Barrymore. Quite an achievement, isn't it?

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE? A moving picture star? A musical comedy star? A dramatic star? Or a star in vaudeville? You don't know? Well, neither did Madge Kennedy, so she's tried all of them. She quit the drama for pictures, the pictures for musical comedy, and now she's playing a sketch in vaudeville called Nothing On for Tonight! Her husband, Harold Bolster, wanted to take her to Europe, but—O, well, she likes the sketch enough to sacrifice the Old World for a time!

P. & A. Photo

BACK, BACK, BACK TO CINEMA!

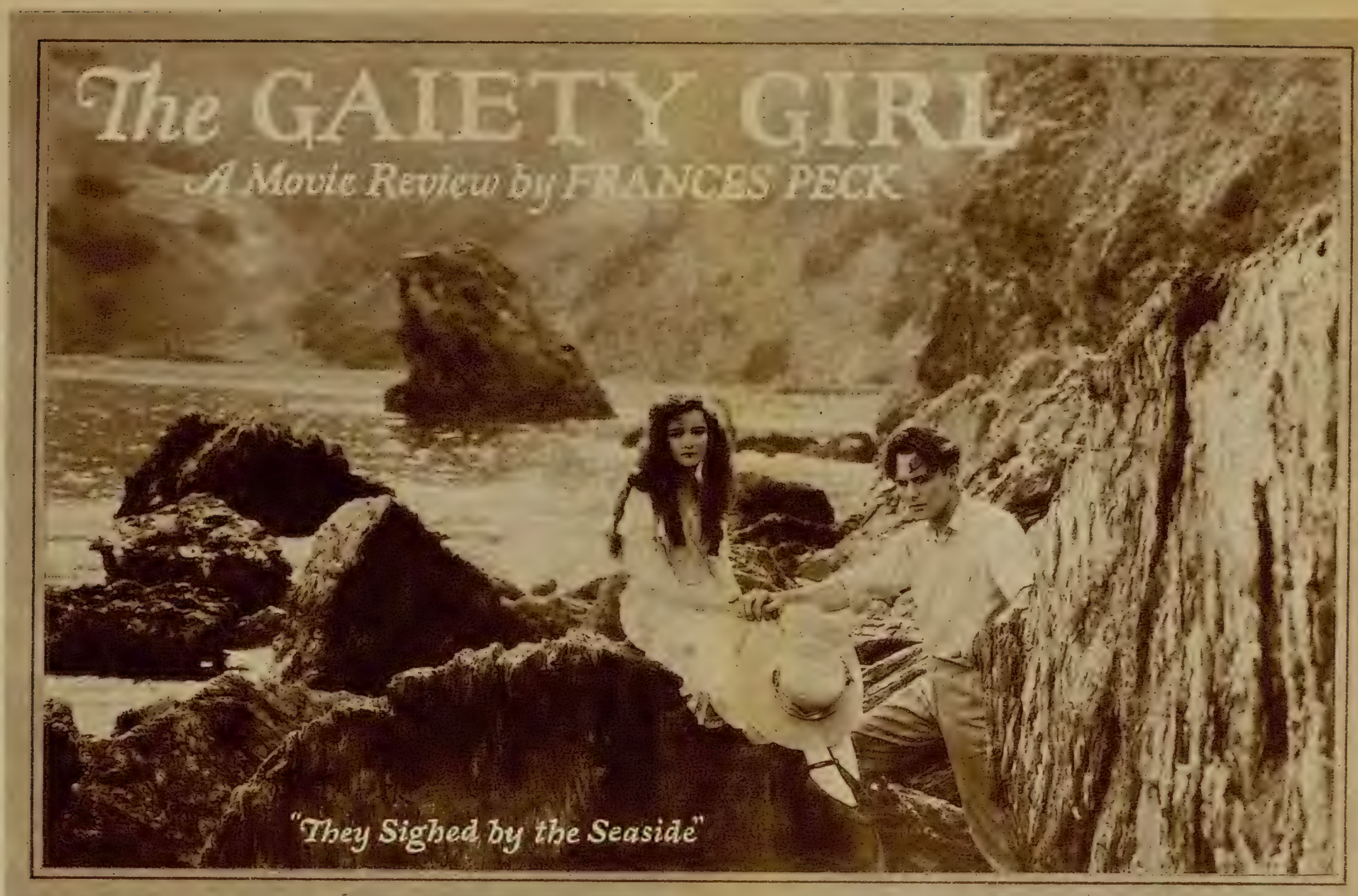
Captions by Frances Peck.

They didn't care for awhile! But J. Warren Kerrigan (seen above with Lois Wilson) couldn't resist the lure of the leading role in The Covered Wagon.

Mae Marsh (Mrs. Louis Arms), after a calm season of marriage and baby tending, is revealed (at right) as she appears in her current picture, Daddies.

Francis X. Bushman (how you once sighed over his manly charms) is shown at left as Messala in Ben Hur.

They felt and answered the call of the "C"!



THE GAIETY GIRL

Produced by Universal
Directed by King Baggott

THE CAST:

Eirein Rudut-Tudor...*Mary Philbin*
William Tudor, Earl of Pencarreg
.....*Joseph Dowling*
Owen Tudor.....*William Haines*
Evan Evans.....*Otto Hoffman*
Show Girl.....*Grace Darmond*
Juckins.....*James O. Barrows*
John Kershaw.....*DeWitt Jennings*
Christopher Kit Kershaw.....
.....*Freeman S. Wood*
Sammy Samuels.*George B. Williams*
The Duke.....*Tom Ricketts*
Rayburn, the Stage Manager.....
.....*Roy Laidlaw*

HOW are you?

We could talk about the weather. (Yes, hasn't it!)

We could talk about a lot of things by way of getting better acquainted, for of course we don't know each other very well yet.

But I only get a chance at you once a week and I have a hunch that as long as you're interested in pictures you'd rather be chatted at about the good ones that are playing or will play in your own home town, so—

Here's to The Gaiety Girl!

How about it?

She didn't want to be a "Gaiety Girl." She didn't, as a matter of fact, know that there was a show by that name. Down in the hamlet by the sea where she lived with her grandfather, the Earl of Pencarreg, in an enormous, isolated, mortgaged castle that, as they say, "come down" from Pencarreg to Pencarreg — the lights o' Lunnon were only something to dream about.

At hand was downright worry softened by a real romance.

The worry was to keep certain determined low-brows from demanding their rights and taking possession of Castle Pencarreg.

The romance?

Ah, that was the clean, true love of the Earl's granddaughter for her cousin and it had backgrounds and settings of sea and sunset; blue sky, fresh winds, and the old Earl's entire approbation—even though the boy was as poor as Paddy's pig, to make it a thing of beauty.

With all this to strengthen their determination to, come weal, come woe—hang on to Pencarreg, they got along for awhile (a long while!).

Time came, though, when the law had its way. Strangers entered the beloved halls after the young lover left for a far country where he owned a half interest—in some mines—I believe. Niece and uncle, hiding their despair, departed for London. Had Eirein been willing to marry the son of the intruder they might have stayed. But Eirein was to the manor born and she had given her love for once and for all.

Besides — this creature; dramatic episode after dramatic episode records itself after the departure of the poor but dauntless three.

In London, with her grandfather and herself starving, the lady of Pencarreg lands with The Gaiety Girl show. Young Tudor is reported dead!

The return to the hamlet by the sea is something worth everybody's seeing.

Mary Philbin does some magnificent acting that her delicate beauty accentuates. She is supported by an all-star cast.

I am almost inclined to say that Grace Darmond as Pansy, a naughty-nice theater girl, shares the honors with Miss Philbin.

You'll love the sets and scenery. The photographer knew how to make the best of them.

You see this picture! Please!

Until we meet again.

Next Week! THE TURMOIL; In Which Business and Romance Oddly Mix, Kindling Strange Fires

FANS' SAY SO

Come right out and tell the world!

Dear Miss Peck: When are the producers going to wake up? Here we have a perfectly natural star—Alice Calhoun; and she has never been furnished the screen materia in which to reveal her dormant talent. She is always pleasing and efficient, the critics say, but is t as far as it will go?

Corinne Griffith rose from the ranks, why not Miss Calhoun? She has it in her. Will you please print this so some producer, a real one may wake up? And, by the way what do you think of her?

Enduring Hope.

—o—

Editor's Note—You ask me and I'll ask you! (Which makes for conversation—yes?)

Curious: Now aren't you being a little TOO curious?

* * *

Alieck (On the side, when it comes to penmanship we're in the same class): Aileen Pringle was the girl you mentioned in Three Weeks. Come again.

* * *

Liberty Movie Fan: Thanks, in behalf of our new child! William Farnum was born in Boston, June 1876. Yes, he was on the stage. He started his screen career, so far as I can find, with Fox. Don't know anything about his weight now—but he did weigh 195 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes.

All set—but something's missing!

Now he's found it—the match!

P. & A. Photos

Ready for action—full steam ahead!

THE STORY OF CHARLES G. DAWES

The Vice Presidential Nominee Who Gave the United States Its First Successful Budget System, Straightened Out the Reparations Tangle, and Composes Music Worthy of Kreisler's Famous Violin.

By WALTER DAVENPORT

YOUR mind is jaded with misanthropy. You have listened to estimates of America by lecturers from other parts of the world. They have told you that you, an American, lack manner, manners, race, and grace.

It is dinned into your ears that America is a heterogeneous collection of soul stifled, dollar chasing materialists, crass to an unbelievable degree and different from the Americans of Martin Chuzzlewit and Dickens' own notes only in that they boast more, charge more, and talk more.

America is a poor thing; you are a poor thing; the world has not merely gone to the dogs—it *is* a dog. Woe is you!

But just about the time your morale has dwindled down to the shadow of a vanishing point you meet Charlie Dawes. No, not General Charles Gates Dawes; just Charlie Dawes of Chicago.

DAWES has been selected by the Republican party as its candidate for the Vice Presidency. However, this article being no analysis of the man's ability to preside over the Senate or, in case of emergency, administer the office of President—the writer generously surrendering that privilege to the voting public—we shall proceed to relate who he is and how he impresses.

He has, probably more consistently than any man in public or semi-public life, the success habit. It is difficult to name another man so accustomed to accomplish that which he sets out to do. Whether you are willing to concede that the results of his varied labors are susceptible to criticism is neither here nor there; Charlie Dawes seems always to get away with it.

His manner has been characterized as everything from blunt to careless, but he strikes me as shy. There is a boyishness about his defense.

Tell a youngster he's a lad in a thousand and that he has just smeared himself with glory by saving Susie Beamish from a watery grave and, if he's the sort of boy who appeals to us most, he'll get red in the face, dig a hole in the ground with his heel, and grin:

"O, shucks!"

In pouring rain General Dawes addresses his friends and neighbors at Evanston, Ill., in first speech of his campaign against the "demagogues of politics."

Dawes will be fifty-nine years old on August 27, and therefore is no heel digging boy. Nevertheless it seems to me that there is still that same shyness in him and it is this which forbids him to traffic in bunk, claptrap, and grand talk. To the almost total exclusion of an even more interesting side of his nature, several million more or less well chosen words have been spoken and written concerning his shrewdness in business, his clarity of vision, his directness of approach, and other stock attributes of the man who achieves largeness.

But you hear very little about Dawes the student of Gounod, Verdi, Massenet, Meyerbeer, Chaminade, Brahms, Debussy, MacDowell, Bach, Grieg, Bizet, and Puccini. Yet he has composed concertos and preludes which, even if they have not reflected the light of a rising sun of musical genius, are of sufficient merit to mark distinctly another side of him. In February, 1922, Fritz Kreisler played Charles Gates Dawes' Melody in A Major before a New York audience.

What I saw of Dawes leads me to believe that his "O, hell!", his "Hell and Maria!", and any variations thereof to which he may give voice are nothing more or less than a development of the spirit of your boy whose defense is "O, shucks!"

He was born on August 27, 1865, at Marietta, Ohio, the son of General Rufus R. Dawes, who, in the Civil War, commanded the renowned Iron Brigade of Wisconsin. In temperament he is the true son of his father. His family had its American beginnings back in April, 1635, when William Dawes of Sudbury, England, arrived to settle in New England.

Another William Dawes, a more recent forebear of Charles Gates Dawes, was the unnamed patriot of Longfellow's poem who assisted Paul Revere in his stirring adventure of the night of "the eighteenth of April,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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seventy-five." We mention this in passing merely lest there be those who question the American inspiration of the current bright light of the family.

OUR Dawes was educated to be a lawyer, being graduated from the Marietta College and the Cincinnati Law School. He practiced in Lincoln, Nebraska, for seven years, when his bent for business took command of him. He quit the law in 1894 to become president of the La Crosse (Wisconsin) Gas Light Company. He stepped into public life in 1896 when he supported William McKinley for President, and Mr. McKinley showed his appreciation and wisdom by making Dawes controller of the currency of the United States.

In 1902 Dawes retired to private life and became president of the Central Trust Company of Chicago, which job he administered until the United States declared war on Germany in 1917. And here is where Dawes began to impress the world with his ability.

The public took for granted that General Pershing could ably direct the destinies of our land forces overseas, and, while Pershing did not emerge from the fracas the popular hero that Washington, Scott, Taylor, Grant, and Roosevelt did in their respective days, he turned in a well rounded, satisfactory job of work, which was what was asked of him.

But what the American Expeditionary Forces needed was an executive to do their buying and transact other commercial business.

Any one who knows what always happened to that member of the A. E. F. who tried to outrank his superior officer, whether he was right in his contention or not, will understand that it was not only wise but imperative that he who was selected for the job of business manager should be made nothing less than a brigadier general. So they put one star on each of the Dawes shoulders and told him to have at it.

France, not understanding what the American soldier was going to demand if he was to give the best in him, was unprepared for him. For months the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies) was a somewhat sad name and nothing more. There was red tape a mile high to contend with. There was the seeming inability of the French and the Americans alike to get warehouses built, barracks erected, rail transports organized.

AND then Dawes took hold. And General W. W. Atterbury, the transportation genius, must not be overlooked. But Dawes was in charge. While the French gasped and hid their eyes and held their ears at the awful destruction of precedent, official method, and delay, warehouses, refrigerating plants, docks, railroads, and industrial plants arose mushroomlike.

And after Versailles! Germany groveled. Germany protested. Germany rebelled. The French threatened, then struck. The French troops were across the Rhine, in the Ruhr Valley, and threatened to go to Berlin—annex all Germany if need be. But France was on the verge of bankruptcy. England, threatened by political revolutions, scolded France. France, saying that it was damned if it didn't collect, and so was willing to be damned if it did collect, decided to play a lone hand.

Among the numerous cheers we utter are a few for the personal conduct of Dawes after he established himself in Europe to take inventory of the German resources and productive capabilities.

The French wanted to include consideration of the interallied and American war debts. M. Poincaré had said that Germany would not only have to pay twenty-six billion gold marks to defray the cost of reconstructing the devastated regions but also the three billion dollars France owes the United States and the five hundred million pounds sterling France owes England.

General and Mrs. Dawes with two of their children, Dana and Virginia, at their beautiful home in Evanston, Ill.

"You can't discuss these things in my presence," snapped Dawes of Chicago. "I'm here as a business man. I'm not representing the United States government. I am not empowered to discuss such things on behalf of my government."

Now this sort of thing made a profound impression upon the European delegates to the conferences. Here was a man disinclined to participate in political debate. Here was a man whose business methods were not tinctured with politics.

Rather curious chap to look at, too. Odd collars, for example. The Dawes collar is of the old fashioned poke family, giving one little opportunity to study the contour of the Dawes neck. And then there was his pipe. That pipe had a way of belching clouds of lava when the man on the small end of it set himself to thinking.

That pipe caught and held the attention of such as Reginald McKenna, Sir Robert Kindersley, Alberto Pirelli, the French Parmentier, and the Belgian Franqui. They viewed it with respect, but Olivier—ah, Olivier was, what you say, knocked for the goals. Is it not?

Olivier? Heavens! You do not know him or of him? He is the head of the waiters in the Ritz in Paris. A placid person full of dignity and nice social usages. A polite frown from Olivier and the most ruthless of precedent breakers scurried back within the pale of convention. A monarch absolute is Olivier, and noblemen run to do his bidding.

Into the main dining room of the Ritz came the man with the outlandish collar who ordered food as though he were floating a bond issue. He knew what he wanted. The food consumed, this man extracted from his pocket a pipe.

The face of Felix, the venerable *sommelier* who had heard of the death at Verdun of his two sons with no visible emotion, went gray. He spoke, as one who had seen a ghost, to Olivier. And Olivier teetered. Perhaps he would swoon. A pipe in the main dining room of the Ritz!

AND such a pipe! Was it an ordinary pipe? Not at all. Even the pipe was extraordinary. Instead of arising vulgarly from the top of the stem, the bowl of his pipe was appended from the stem. And smoke! Heaven hiding clouds thereof!

"Olivier, Olivier!" a mighty, jewel laden dowager calls. "Olivier, who is that person smoking that dreadful pipe?"

"Madame," moaned Olivier, "it is this American, the General Dawes—he who will try to make Germany pay."

And as much as the soul of Olivier had sickened at this great desecration of ancient tradition, he managed a smile at the upside down pipe of Dawes of Chicago, who was entirely unconscious of the furore his nose warmer had created.

But another picture of this hard working man from Chicago.

After the war was won and, as we thought, tucked away for the historians to fuss with, Congress decided to investigate the war. In the nature of things, the subcommittee which was doing the investigating called upon Dawes to answer a few burning questions. He took the witness stand on February 3, 1921, and what happened?

"Hell and Maria!" roared the former Chief of Supply Procurement in the American Expeditionary Forces, "we weren't trying to keep a set of books; we were trying to win the war."

You can read and re-read the minutes of that investigation, but you'll find that those few words from Charlie Dawes summed up his whole testimony. Just what are you going to do with a man like that?

Fight with him because he didn't carry an adding machine and a flock of ledgers around with him?

THE END

Fifth Installment of THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS

The FEMINIST

The Story of a Woman Who Seeks More Independence and Fails Because Her Husband Is What She Calls Old Fashioned

By Jim Picture by W. B. KING *By Kathleen*

Both Sides of the Question

KATHLEEN has some funny friends. Perhaps that is a bit unfair. I have some weird ones myself, I guess. But the last friend of hers I met was one of those very advanced ones. She is married and has a baby but she never calls herself anything except *Miss* Hagar, and she gives you a battle if you call her by her legal married name.

Kathleen called me up in the afternoon and asked me if I minded if the friend stayed to dinner. How could I kick? I have to ask many a man home to dinner.

"Why, my dear girl," I said, "do you think you have to ask me in a case like that? I hope that you do not believe I am that unreasonable."

I think I went out of my way to be nice, but somehow it is very hard for me, or perhaps any other man, to make good with a woman of brains—too much brains, I mean. And by that I do not mean any super-intelligence either. I am not going into any discussion of feminism, and I didn't try to discuss the subject with Miss Hagar either. One never can win a battle with a woman, and, if one could, what would it get one?

But that woman did annoy me. The pleasanter I was the more she seemed to try to be boring into me with those gimlet eyes of hers. I was wondering about her husband. I was wondering how he must feel when he had to go about introducing his wife, "Meet the missus, Miss Hagar!"

And this Miss Hagar—her right name is Mrs. Brown—belongs to a society called the Keep Your Own Name Club. I think the softer sex, and by that I mean the male sex, ought to organize a counter society and call it the Own Your Own Soul Club. I had half a mind to spring that on this Miss Hagar, but even for the sake of being clever I could not be boorish to a guest of Kathleen. The dear girl certainly puts herself out to be nice to some of my friends, and a few of them are difficult enough, the Lord knows.

That is one of the little difficulties of this business of marriage. It's a partnership, and one partner has to take the gaff for the other partner every now and then. Of course, if one partner gets the gaff too often, the thing becomes unequal.

MISS HAGAR has her own work, too. She is an interior decorator. She says that is one of the very few reasons why she keeps her own individuality, but that the main reason is she is a human being with an individuality to keep.

But here is the extreme part of it: She and her husband occupy separate apartments in the same house. It is a sort of breakfast-together-every-once-in-a-while arrangement like that made by a certain authoress. It is the queerest notion of marriage I ever heard of. I wonder, when their little daughter grows up, whether she will take the name of Gloria Hagar or Gloria Brown? Perhaps the parents will roll the dice over that little matter.

The more I thought over this thing the more I wanted to spring some of these little quips that came to me, but those gimlet eyes were boring into me all the time.

Miss Hagar talked a great deal about her work. I can listen pretty well and watch. It is the training of my game, I guess. As this woman talked I watched Kathleen. I got a bit of a scare.

It started me thinking of that little play by Barrie, the look in Kathleen's eyes. The thing is called "The Twelve Pound Look." It is the story of a woman whose husband is engrossed in his work, which is natural. She got tired of this and saved up twelve pounds to buy herself a typewriter with which to go out and make her own living. She does go, and in time the man marries again.

The first wife is called in to do some work at the man's house. She is happy. The second wife, even with her children, is not. That is because playwrights twist life to make plots. Finally, after the first goes, the second says to the husband, "I wonder how much one of those machines costs?"

The curtain falls on the husband staring at the second wife and saying, "My God! The twelve pound look."

It must have been those gimlet eyes of that Hagar woman which started me thinking along those lines. It passed when she was gone, and I made Kathleen laugh when I told her about my idea for the Own Your Own Soul Club and some other little things. We had quite a gay evening when we were by ourselves.

Secret Thoughts—Hidden Motives

How much marital wretchedness they often cause! In this series of articles, written by a talented young New Yorker and his wife, Liberty is presenting something new in magazine making. Jim and Kathleen are baring the thoughts concerning each other, which the average husband and wife keep forever locked in their hearts. The crises of Jim and Kathleen are individually trivial, but, in the aggregate, it is such crises that often spell separation and divorce. There is a moral in Jim's and Kathleen's experiences. Watch for more of their fascinating articles in early issues of Liberty.

I HAD a little plan of my own, but I am afraid to explain it to Jim. He would not approve of it, I know. That would not prevent me from explaining it to him and trying to coax him to agree, but I am afraid he would laugh. I will not be laughed at, even by Jim. Perhaps I have no sense of humor. They say women have not.

It was after my visit to Jim at the office. I felt that I have nothing to do. Little things around the apartment do not take all of my time, and it seems so petty sometimes.

Anne Hagar suggested the thing to me. She is what Jim would consider such an advanced woman that she is almost a futurist. She is married but still has her own occupations and uses her maiden name always. But she has contradicted in advance any assertion that she is one of those short haired, manly women, because she has the loveliest little daughter anybody ever saw.

Anne is an interior decorator. She keeps very busy at it because she is quite capable and there is quite enough competition in that line in New York. I knew her at school, where she was the tomboy of the class, and she liked me quite well. She remembered I could draw quite well at one time, and suggested I could work for her and earn something for myself alone.

I was just about to gush with enthusiasm and delight when I remembered Jim. I knew what his ideas on feminism were, and I knew he would become wild at any notion that his wife should earn money. It would "degrade" him in the eyes of his friends, he would say. And yet he never has disparaged Jack Harrison, who does nothing but "manage" his wife's estate.

I thought the best way to get a line on what Jim might say to such a proposal was to have him meet Anne Hagar, so I managed to have Anne stay for dinner.

JIM did not like Anne and was not interested. Now Jim, despite the fact that he has told me that he has a poker face, really has not. He has a way of not listening to people when he is not interested in the things about which they are talking. Poor dear, he thinks sometimes he is getting away with it, too. But he is not. He can't pretend interest. Perhaps this is because of his natural honesty, and I should not consider it a fault. It really isn't—excepting socially.

Jim is very old fashioned about feminism, and I cannot say I am much of a modernist myself. All the time I was afraid Jim might get into an argument with Anne and things would be horrid. But he was genial enough.

Then I got a little angry at Anne. I could see she was thinking my Jim was a little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

That woman did annoy me. The pleasanter I was the more she seemed to try to be boring into me with those gimlet eyes of hers.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

old fogyish and not anything of an intellectual.

Still, with all of this, I wanted to arrange about that work. I wanted to do it very badly. I don't like this feeling of stagnating.

The moment Anne left, Jim began to poke fun at her and her notions. The things he said were absolutely cutting, and funny, too, I thought. Once he even made me laugh.

But as I laughed I knew that it was the end of the little plan I had. If I had mentioned it to Jim while he was in that mood he would have laughed at me. That would have been fatal. It would have killed something in me.

No, I do not think that I am supersensitive. But never, never, never will I be laughed at by my husband. It would not only mean that something was dead in me but that something had killed his love for me. I am sure any one you love could not be made to appear ridiculous to you. I never could laugh at Jim. I might smile at him, though.

THE END

ROMEO *in* MOON VILLAGE

Last Rollicking Installment of the Great Adventure Serial

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Eulora hovered at his bedside.

Picture by LEJAREN HILLER

Romeo was puzzled when we left him for a week in the preceding installment. He had run away—disappeared—hidden himself in Moon Village, and here was Eulora calmly insisting she was soon to be married. Counting himself out, Romeo naturally was curious to know why she had been so anxious to find him. And this explains the persistence with which, upon his return, he questioned Gilroy, the Oglethorpe butler, about Eulora's plans.

"MY word!" exclaimed Gilroy in some alarm. "I was sure you had got over being delirious. It's time the doctor was 'aving a look at you, sir."

"I'm not delirious—dammit. Whom is she going to marry?"

Gilroy first put his hand over his mouth—rather quickly, in fact—and then, apparently satisfied that it had accomplished its purpose, removed it and bent over to announce in a solemn whisper:

"A young gentleman somewhat over six feet tall, sandy hair, wearing horn rim spectacles, last seen at Blackville Junction. Address Mr. Oswald——"

The door opened and in walked Mr. Oswald Oglethorpe, followed by the doctor.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Eulora's father, stopping short just inside the door. His iron gray hair was tousled. "You've come to, have you, Egerton?"

"Yes, sir," gulped Romeo. Then, after a moment's hesitation and with considerable stiffness: "How do you do, Mr. Oglethorpe?"

"Here is Doctor Post," said Mr. Oglethorpe loudly. He was unquestionably self-conscious and embarrassed. "He is going to look you over. Just to see if——"

"I'm all right, sir. Absolutely. No use looking me over, Doctor Post. Just a little too much chloroform, that's all. May I have a few words with you in private, Mr. Oglethorpe?"

"In the morning, Romeo, in the morning. After breakfast, say. You must not tax yourself tonight."

"It's got to be tonight, sir," broke in Romeo doggedly. "Thank you, just the same, but I shan't be here for breakfast. If—if it isn't too much trouble, I would be much obliged to you if you would have James drive me to the inn tonight."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Oglethorpe.

"Let me feel your pulse, my lad," said Doctor Post, sitting down on the edge of the bed and taking Romeo's wrist between his thumb and fingers.

"I trust you will bear in mind, Mr. Oglethorpe," said Romeo, speaking very rapidly, "that it is not my fault that I am here in your house. I did not come here of my own volition. Under the circumstances, I can hardly accept your hospitality."

Oglethorpe smiled rather sheepishly.

"Nonsense," he repeated. Then, quite seriously: "See here, Romeo, suppose we let bygones be bygones. I apologize for—ahem!—what I said and did a few weeks ago. I mean it. I apologize."

Romeo shook his head. "That's pretty white of you, Mr. Oglethorpe, and I appreciate it. But it doesn't let me out. There is no way for me to apologize for what I planned to do to you a few weeks ago. I—I guess you understand, sir. The only excuse I can offer is that I was very young then. You've no idea how much older I am now than I was then."

"There, now, Romeo," cried Mr. Oglethorpe. "That's all right. Don't you worry about that. We'll talk that over in the morning, you and Eulora and I. Just to show that you have no hard feelings toward me, my boy, won't you shake hands?" He held out his hand, smiling.

AT half-past seven o'clock in the morning Gilroy knocked on Romeo's door. Entering the room in response to a prompt and somewhat imperative "Come in!" he found the young man seated in a chair near the window. He was still in his pajamas.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. *** J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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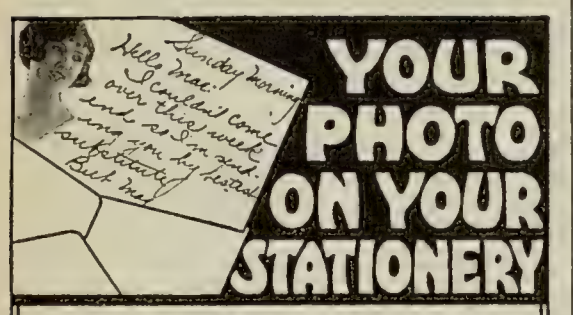

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

"See here, Gilroy, I'm in a deuce of a fix. I haven't any——"

"I have everything here, Mr. Romeo, with Miss Eulora's compliments. She thinks of everything, she does. A most astonishing young lady, sir. Here is a shirt, sir, and undergarments, and Mr. Oglethorpe's best razor, and a new tooth brush, and Mr. Oglethorpe's favorite golf stockings, and—ah, yes, here we have them—cuff buttons, studs, and your choice of all these scarfs, sir. If you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Romeo, she rather fancies this one with the blue dots. May I inquire 'ow you are feeling, sir?"

"She is wonderful, isn't she, Gilroy?" cried Romeo, remembering how Eulora had hovered at his bedside.

"Miss Eulora instructed me to say, sir, that she will be waiting at the 'ead of the stairs at eight o'clock sharp. In case you 'ave no watch, sir, I was to lend you mine. It is correct to the second, I may say, 'aving been set not more than ten minutes ago so as to be precisely the same as 'ers."

"She thinks of everything, doesn't she, Gilroy?" said Romeo warmly.

"She does, indeed, Mr. Romeo. Routing Mr. Oglethorpe out of his bed at six-thirty, for example, to hunt up these garments for you."

AT eight o'clock sharp Eulora met Romeo at the head of the stairs. At eight-fifteen she sat down serenely at the foot of the table and dutifully poured Mr. Oglethorpe's second cup of coffee.

"I am sorry to be late, daddy. Have you been waiting long? Isn't is a glorious morning? Are you playing golf this morning, daddy?"

"Only two lumps, dear—not seven or eight."

"How stupid of me. How perfectly stupid. Fish them out, please."

Romeo was the picture of uneasiness. He was glad that the boys had already had their breakfasts.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Oglethorpe, to have put you to so much trouble," he said. "It was bad enough getting you up at one o'clock this morning, but to have you routed out again at six-thirty was really——"

"You had to have something to wear, Romeo," interrupted Eulora, calmly. "Daddy was awfully good natured about it, I must say. Weren't you daddy?"

"No, I wasn't," said Mr. Oglethorpe, fishing three lumps of sugar out of his cup. "I was as mad as a wet hen. But I am in a better humor now, Romeo, so please don't tell me what a rotten father-in-law you think I am going to make."

"Isn't he delicious, Romeo?" cried Eulora, delighted. "Perfectly delicious, isn't he? Now, daddy, I wish you would tell Romeo what our plan is. Tell him——"

"Before we go any further," said Romeo, firmly, "I must inform you that I cannot consider any——"

"Don't you think, Eulora, that it would be much simpler and wiser if Mr. Egerton and I were to discuss the matter between ourselves after breakfast?"

"But there isn't anything to discuss," said she. "All you have to do is to say to Romeo that you offer him a position in the bank, and all he has to do is to say that he accepts it. Nothing could be simpler than that."

"You seem to overlook the fact that Mr. Egerton may not care to accept a position in the bank. Most certainly he would want to know something about his duties, the pay, and—and the prospects for the future."

"I already have a job," announced Romeo. "I can't very well listen to any offer at present."

"See here, Egerton, I will be perfectly frank with you," said Mr. Oglethorpe, earnestly. "You are a decent, high-minded, independent young fellow, and you come from a good family. I don't mind confessing that I've had you looked up. You are earning your own living despite the fact that your people are fairly well-to-do. You are not living off of your father, in plain words. As you have admitted yourself, you are by no means as young as you were six or eight weeks ago. You had the moral courage and the stamina to stand up against this young despot here when she undertook to ride over you. Moreover, sir, you had the nerve to tell me what you thought of me. At first I looked upon you as insolent. I think I called you an insufferable young puppy. Upon thinking it over, I decided that you were merely fighting back, as any man should do. Now we come to the real issue. We will get it over with as quickly as possible. Do you want to marry my daughter?"

ROMEO was startled by the abruptness of the question.

"Yes, sir—I do," he gulped, and involuntarily stretched out his hand toward Eulora. She laid hers in his broad palm and suffered it to be squeezed tightly without wincing.

"And she is determined to marry you," said Mr. Oglethorpe, somewhat grimly. "Now we come to the question of pride. You seem to have acquired a great deal of pride in the last few weeks. In plain English, you seem to have developed a lot of sense. I withdraw my objections to your marriage. I am willing to trust her to you. Because, Egerton, you are a clean-living, honest, self-respecting chap. And also because I believe down in my soul you can manage her. For the moment I have gotten a little away from the question of pride. You feel that you ought not to marry her—she is a rich man's daughter—you ought not to marry her because you cannot support her as I have supported her."

"As she ought to be supported, Mr. Oglethorpe," said Romeo. "That's the point, sir. You've struck it squarely. I love her with all my heart, and always shall—O, Eulora, don't—don't cry! I can't stand that. You know I can't stand that."

"Neither can I," said Mr. Oglethorpe, a little huskily.

"I—I guess I will leave you—alone," sobbed Eulora, and forthwith fled from the room.

Her father cleared his throat several times and said something about the way orange juice stings. Romeo remained on his feet, staring at the door through which she had vanished.

"It—it always gets me when they cry," he muttered miserably.

"Me, too," said the other. "Sit down, Romeo. She will be back before long. It's only a sun shower. Now, let's get down to cases. You are both young. You can afford to wait. I give my consent to your marriage on condition that you put it off till a year from now. In the meantime, if you care to accept it, there is a position open to you in the bank of which I am the president. The salary is small. Fifteen hundred dollars a year to start off with. What do you say?"

ROMEO shook his head. "Mr. Oglethorpe, I am not a business man. I don't know whether I can ever become a business man. I am what you might describe as a scholar, for want of a better word. To be perfectly honest, sir, I don't believe I would be worth my salt in your bank. I wouldn't even be second best there. I would be the worst failure your bank has ever had. Besides, I could not ask Eulora to live on fifteen hundred a year."

"I may as well confess, Egerton, that this plan is Eulora's. I think you will find that she is willing to live on your fifteen hundred a year. She has three hundred a month of her own. Don't scowl at me, Romeo. It is hers in her own right. I do not give it to her. I am merely a trustee. However, I see your side of the question. You don't care to work in a bank—for your father-in-law. Is that it?"

"Not exactly," said Romeo, rather humbly. "I haven't the least objection to working for you, Mr. Oglethorpe. In fact, I have found you to be an exceedingly fine man to work for. It's simply that I don't believe I would make good on a job of that kind, sir."

"I see," mused the other, tapping the table with his fingers. "If it is a fair question, what is your aim in life? What do you plan to make of yourself? Surely

you do not intend to go on being a tutor, Egerton?"

"No, sir. I took up tutoring as a sort of stop-gap, so to speak. Only for a year or so. When I am twenty-five, you see, I come into some property that was left to me by my grandmother. My aim in life, sir, is to become a writer. A writer of romance. I think I have some small talent for romance."

"I am sure of it," agreed Mr. Oglethorpe, with a perfectly straight face.

"I am a great believer in romantic fiction," went to Romeo, didactically. "It is my conviction that the world would be a better place to live in if there was more romance in it. I wish I could have lived in the good old days when knighthood was in flower. As I say, when I am twenty-five I shall be more or less independent. I shall have the time and means to devote myself exclusively to literary work. Naturally, I shall have to eke out a living in some way until that time comes. But, being something of a man of the world," he interpolated loftily, "I dare say I can make out. I shall give the matter you have broached serious thought, sir. It may be—well, who knows? Life is full of complexes, isn't it?"

"It is," said Mr. Oglethorpe, obligingly. "You were speaking of some property that your grandmother left to you. I trust you will not consider me impudent if I inquire, as your future father-in-law, what is the nature of your—ahem!—inheritance?"

Romeo shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Some Standard Oil stock, I believe, and some real estate in the city of Chicago—in the business section, I understand—and a ranch out in Wyoming. It's a very nice ranch, with lots of horses and cattle and all that sort of thing. I spent two summers out there. The income from this property up to my twenty-fifth birthday is being invested, according to the requirements of the will, in Liberty bonds. I haven't any idea what it amounts to. As I said before, I am no business man."

Mr. Oglethorpe arose. Somehow his face had brightened perceptibly. He seemed, in fact, quite another man.

"Does Eulora know about this—ah—this legacy, Romeo?"

"No, sir; I hadn't thought to mention it to her. You don't suppose it will make any difference in her feelings toward me, do you?" said Romeo, uneasily. You see, sir, she—she has said all along that she wouldn't marry any one but a poor man. I hope she won't turn against me when she finds out I'm going to have a little money."

Mr. Oglethorpe cleared his throat. "I have always found it a rather difficult matter to understand women," said he, shaking his head. "But I fancy——"

Romeo, also shaking his head, interrupted his host. His air was faintly supercilious, and the slight gesture he made with his hand was unmistakably deprecating. "I used to find them baffling. Mr. Oglethorpe, but—er—— Pardon the interruption, sir."

"I was merely going to say that I fancy we can continue to have her marry a poor man." He laid his hand on Romeo's shoulder. "You see, you will be as poor as a church mouse up to the time you are twenty-five."

"AND, O," exclaimed Eulora, a couple of hours later, as she strolled arm in arm through the shady part of the Oglethorpe grounds with the reclaimed Romeo, "there is the dearest old tavern in the village. I think they said it was over a thousand years old. You will be perfectly wild about it. It is just simply running over with the darlingest furniture and things."

"Indeed!" said Romeo in a strained voice.

"There is a four poster bed—that hasn't been slept in for fifty years. A perfect darling of a bed. It's in what they call the bridal chamber. And just as you enter the tavern you see bloodstains on the floor. The blood came from a poor but honest girl who had been enticed to the tavern by a valet who——"

"Varlet," corrected he, thoughtlessly.

"——varlet who fired at her from the stairway as she was attempting to escape from his perfidious clutches, or something like that. But I sha'n't tell you any more about the place. It would only spoil it for you."

"Let's sit down here for a few minutes, Eulora," said Romeo, abruptly. His brow was clouded. There didn't seem to be any way out of it. He would have to tell her about Moon Village and the five lovely Barrons.

"And there are five sisters there," Eulora pursued, her eyes sparkling. "They are as pretty as pictures. Five of them, Romey, just think of it. Five girls, and all of them perfectly lovely. They live in Moon Village with their grandfather and——"

"Grandmother," said he, quickly.

She looked up quickly. "Why—why, that's right; but how did you know, Romeo?"

He took a long breath.

"If you will promise not to interrupt, Eulora, I'll tell you all about myself, and Moon Village, and the five beautiful Barrons," said he, taking her hand in his.

LONG afterward she snuggled close to him, a pensive light in her big gray eyes. He had finished the story, and she had not interrupted.

"I really don't see how you could have kept from falling in love with them, Romey," she said in a small voice. "I am sure I should if I were a man and had to live in the same house with them all the time. And, O, dear, I was just worrying myself sick over your being a recluse, Romeo. I couldn't bear the thought of your being a hermit. I don't see how you could help falling in love with all five of them."

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, in mock horror. "What do you think I am? A Mormon?"

There was a period of silence, which he broke, and there was a deep, tender note in his voice:

"You are like a gay, sweet wind blowing upon my face—always, Eulora, whether I am awake or asleep, whether I am with you or far away. You are my life."

"O, how lovely!" she murmured. Then, suddenly: "You must remember that, Romey, and put it in one of your novels. It's just what a romantic hero would say to his lady-love."

Romeo leaned back and took another deep breath—of exaltation.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, a note of wonder in his voice. "I used to be frightened to death of you in the daytime, Eulora, and now I'm not afraid of you at all. I can't understand the change in me."

She was a woman and had a woman's gift.

"I can," she said, a far-away look in her eyes. "It's because I'm not as dangerous as I would be if there were five of me."

"Good Lord!" gasped Romeo, reddening.

EULORA tactfully changed the subject and rambled on about the future. That his mind was not fully occupied with what she was saying is best illustrated by the abrupt and totally irrelevant interruption that checked her rapturous flow.

"I feel so sorry for those girls, Eulora," he said earnestly. "I simply can't bear the thought of letting them come to Upper Slate Bend for a performance. They are dear, sweet girls, but they are simply awful. I really couldn't stand having them come here to be laughed at and guyed, and—and humiliated. I think a lot of them, dear—and of their grandmother. You must head them off. You mustn't let them come here to give their show. I don't know how you can go about it, Eulora, since you have promised to arrange——"

She interrupted him. "You leave that to me, Romey," she said, patting his hand. "I'll fix it. I am a great little fixer. They shall not come to Upper Slate Bend."

As for the five Barrons, three months after Romeo's unceremonious departure Miss Eulora Oglethorpe, in Philadelphia, received a letter from Mrs. Ferdinand Hadberry, Moon Village. It was as follows:

Dear Miss Oglethorpe: In regard to the furniture and other objects you were so desirous of obtaining when you were in Moon Village last September, I am now in a position to state that the contents of the old inn are for sale, if a satisfactory price can be agreed upon. My grandmother passed away last week. My sisters and my husband agree with me that it would be wise for us to dispose of the stuff. Our lawyer, Mr. Antietam Craig, informs us there is no legal obstacle in the way of the sale. Your fiancé, Mr. Egerton, will remember Mr. Craig. If you should care to negotiate for the purchase of the stuff, as a whole or in part, I beg to suggest that you do so as soon as possible, as we are closing up our affairs preparatory to a trip to Europe. Several dealers in antique furniture have been at us to put a price on the contents of the inn, but we shall do nothing about it until we have heard from you.

We were all very happy to have seen you and Mr. Egerton when you motored up to Moon Village for his things, and we enjoyed having you to lunch so much. We all have a warm spot in our hearts for Mr. Egerton.

He will no doubt be interested to know that we intend to close the old house and move to Boston, where my mother resided at the time of her death. So, Moon Village will be more deserted than ever. My sisters will be with Mr. Hadberry and me for a time. We have canceled all of our engagements, and I doubt very much whether we shall ever appear on the stage again. Mr. Hadberry is very much opposed to our going on with the work. He says the stage is a den of iniquity, and perhaps he is right.

My sisters beg to be remembered to you, and to Mr. Egerton, also. We all send our love to him.

Yours sincerely,

SUSANNAH HADBERRY.

P. S.—Mr. Egerton will no doubt remember Elijah Bounce. When we depart from Moon Village, he will be the only person left here, as the Flakes are going away because it will be too lonely for them. But he says he does not mind. He says it is all right with him because his motto is "Never say die."

S. H.

THE END

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

Would You Kill a Man to Defend a Kitten?

A strange, vibrant story of the adventure that befell a young composer in the Canadian wilderness appears in next week's Liberty. It ends with an astonishing climax and is called—

COINCIDENCE

By Francis R. Bellamy

JIFFY FROCKS *FOR* WEEK ENDS *AND* PICNICS

By PATRICIA

AND even if you're not expecting to go anywhere in particular you'll need at least one new frock. You know, it's best to be prepared. You can never tell when some thrilling invitation may come along, and if you have no pretty new frocks to take along you'll feel pretty bad to have to decline. Even if you don't want a new dress this week or next, if you've one of these "Jiffy" patterns on hand you can turn out the prettiest dress you've ever had in a "twinkling of an eye."

Cotton broadcloth in coral color or powder blue with sheer muslin collar would be lovely for the one-piece design illustrated in sketch No. 2121. Directly below the drawing is shown the diagram—the dress opened out before any seams are taken.

You couldn't wish for anything more simple. Plain and plaided ginghams, silk shirting, linen, and chambray may also be used. Silk alpaca with pique collar is popular and considered very smart—this suggestion may appeal to you.

The pattern for No. 2121 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 3 yards of 32, 36, or 45 inch material, with ¼ yard 36 inch goods for the collar, are required.

The sheer, crisp daintiness of Swiss endears that fabric to the hearts of many—hardly a woman who would let a summer pass without at least one frock made of this material. Style No. 2113 is just the one for you to choose. It is made entirely in one piece, as evidenced by the accompanying diagram. Pleats are laid in the skirt at the sides to give grace of line and comfortable width. This design would also be attractive in ruby red linen with pique bindings or in rose cotton broadcloth or voile with raspberry colored ribbons for a girdle.

The pattern for No. 2113 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 3 yards of 40 inch material with 3¾ yards of ribbon are required.

Cape effects are popular and now we find the sleeve that effects the swirl and grace of line of the circular cape. By glancing at the diagram of style No. 2061 you will see how effectively this is accomplished with but one piece of material for the waist. Two straight pieces are used for the skirt and two pieces for the belt.

Try this design in a printed summer silk which combines sparkling colors and trim it with silk of the predominating color of the print. An ivory white background printed in green, blue, and ruby red would be lovely faced with plain red silk. Made entirely in Lanvin green crêpe, it would be lovely. Of course, the cotton stuffs, such as the plain and printed voiles and dotted Swiss, are also good.

The pattern for style No. 2061 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 2⅞ yards of 40 inch goods are required.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Our Summer Is Now Out in Print!

by Corinne Lowe

CONTRARY to the prediction of many fashion authorities, this present season is very much in print. Excluding the checks and plaids impressed so fervently upon our landscape, we find on every hand indications of a sentiment favorable to the figured fabric.

But, though we believe in print, we also believe in having wide latitude. That is to say, many of the frocks of this summer divide honors between plain and figured fabrics. In the development of this idea the popularity of the tunic has been of tremendous advantage. In this day, when we prescribe a tunic for everything from sports to evening wear, what could be more logical than to place over our foundation of plain material some overgarment of printed crêpe or silk?

Still another mode encourages the publication of these de luxe editions—prints with wide margins. As has frequently been remarked, the costume or ensemble ideal sways all types of summer clothes. Consequently it is to be expected that in connection with the figured material one usually finds a coat or cape of plain fabric. This wrap may echo the frock material only in its lining or it may go so far as to be trimmed with appliques or bands of the accompanying frock. Such wraps are assumed both with the all-figured models or with those which combine plain and printed stuffs.

With the very smart little model of black and white figured crêpe or silk illustrated at the lower left, a seven-eighths coat of black satin lined with the dress fabric would be the obvious accompaniment. Without any consideration of wrap, however, this frock is quite capable of standing on its own merits. For it is one adapted from a Cheruit model and the handling of the three tiers with a dip of each at one side is very much in today's spirit. Black and white is undoubtedly the favorite combination in this type of gown. Nevertheless it is to be noted that many of the creations from Paris are executed in yellow and black. A bit torrid, perhaps, yet always the jungle suggestion is corrected by simplicity of line and by the chic black hat.

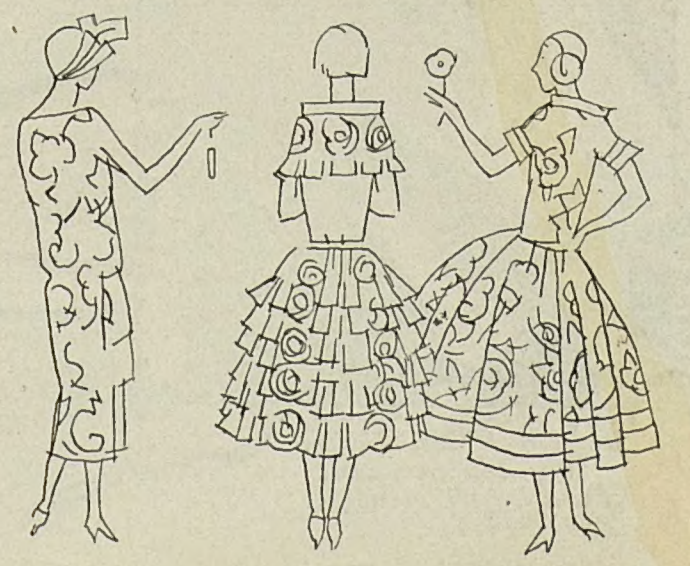
Among wash materials the printed material is fashionably articulated in cretonne, chintz, and hand-blocked linen. Today we have cretonne frocks, cretonne suits, and all sorts of costumes in which this upholstery fabric is assigned a leading rôle. To trim a crêpe sports frock with bands or appliques of cretonne and then to top it off with a short jacket executed entirely in the gay figured stuff is now a course to be highly commended.

The cretonne summer frock is usually in the period style and this mode is reflected in the model trimmed with bands of gray organdy and plain pink cretonne shown in the lower right panel. The center figure wears a delightful organdy in powder blue.

Above—To be powder blue, to be ruffled, and to be trimmed with spirals of silver lace—this is all that one needs to know about an organdy. Note that the lace trimming intersects the skirt at four points—two in front and two at the back.

Lower Left—That figures cannot lie—regarding summer fashions—is proved by this smart black and white figured crepe adapted from a Cheruit model.

Lower Right—How much exterior decoration may borrow from the interior decorator is indicated by the vogue of cretonne, exemplified in this charming period frock trimmed with bands of gray organdy and plain pink cretonne.



Fresh-unfaded at the season's end

All your swagger sport things give good service now

They're what your laundress used to call "difficult"—those Chinese blues and lacquer reds that all Paris is wearing; the smart new Rodier kashas and crépellas.

Difficult because it used to take real strategy to keep bright colors from fading—to preserve soft lovely textures.

When you had to depend on cake soap for your fine laundering you just naturally rubbed the bloom off your pretty things. No fine fabric could keep its freshness against the ravages of cake soap or harsh soap chips.

That time is past, thank goodness. Now you use Lux. You wouldn't think of washing your trig silk blouses, your smart mannish sweaters, your flannel and silk sport skirts with anything but these pure flakes.

Difficult colors and weaves—they're just as safe in Lux as in pure water alone. Lux won't fade or streak them—won't make them look "muddy." It preserves all their beauty of color and texture; keeps them as fresh as when they were new. All your swagger sports things give good service now.

Important points about silk and wool

Rubbing breaks the fibers.

Strong soaps and alkalis spoil their texture.

Concentrated acids disintegrate the fabrics.

Extreme temperatures shrink wool and cause silk to crack.

Heat turns silk yellow and cracks it. It shrinks and mats wool.

Silk and wool are animal fibers—even more sensitive than the skin itself to the very things that injure your own face and hands. Yet with proper care in washing they give good service.

Even a soap that is safe for your face and hands might not be quite gentle enough to use on these delicate materials that have not the skin's power of renewing itself. Lux is so pure that the filmiest chiffons and softest woolens are safe in its rich suds.

The makers of the famous Fleisher Yarns write: "We knew, of course, that Lux was pure but we had no idea that a product which cleanses so thoroughly could be so absolutely mild."

H. R. Mallinson & Co., Inc., makers of exquisite silks, say: "Our washable silks do not lose a trace of their original bloom after fifty washings with Lux."

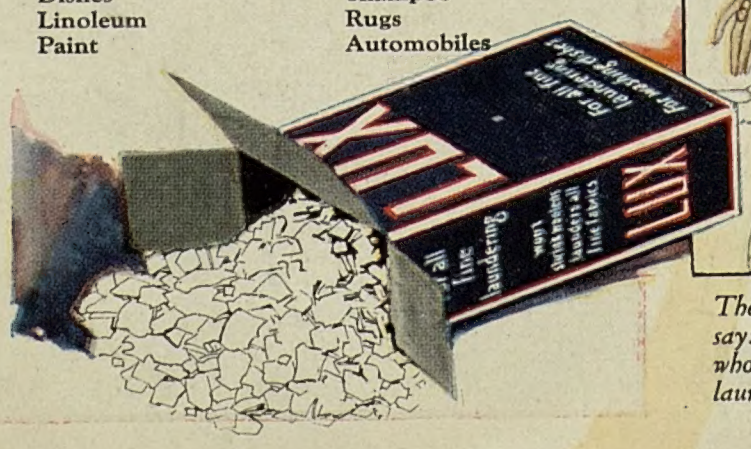
How to wash sports silks and woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a wash bowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. If suds die down add more Lux solution. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. When nearly dry, press with a warm (not hot) iron. Wash colored silks and woolens very quickly, using almost cool suds and rinsing water.

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry	Porcelain
Dishes	Shampoo
Linoleum	Rugs
Paint	Automobiles



The makers of "Onyx" Hosiery say: "We advise every woman who buys our silk stockings to launder them in Lux."

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.